THE Unequal Match: OR, THE LIFE OF MARY OF ANJOU QUEEN of MAJORCA.

An Historical Novel.

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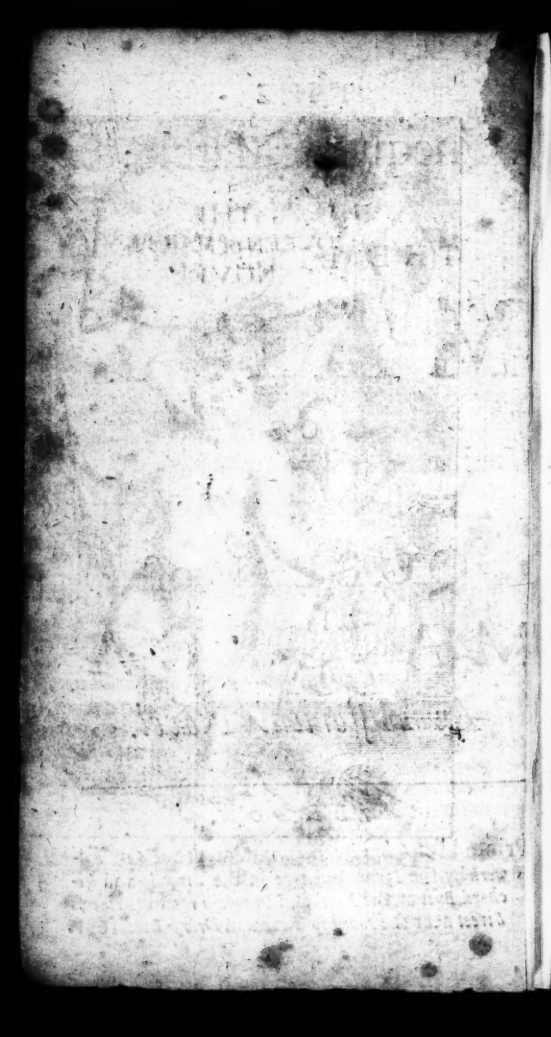

TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

Countess *Dowager* of *Tenet*, &c.

Madam,

WHen greatness is maintained and attended with all those Gifts and Talents which procure it esteem and respect, when Persons of the highest Rank and Quality are more illustrious by their Merit than their Fortune, it is no wonder if the World flocks to them with Offerings, and that their excellencies procure them sometimes trouble and importunities instead of ease and satisfaction. All those who have the Honour to know you, Madam, speak even with that veneration of your Ladyship, that I could not curb the Ambition I have of adding one voice to the general shout, and from crowding up to your Feet, with this present. It is a Presumption, Madam, I should have despaired of ever having been allow'd to have attoned for, had not this story of the Queen of Majorca met with that approbation in the World,

that

that it has been found capable of entertaining with delight the greatest Judges, amongst whom your Ladyship being with justice acknowledged to have the first Place, this Queen fancyed she could be no where so safe as under so glorious a Protection, and therefore was restless and impatient, till I had Ushered and Introduced her into your Ladyships presence. I shall have fully satisfied my vanity, if you find her Company, Madam, as agreeable as others have done, and if you can think fit to Pardon the dress she appears in, which I'm afraid will be found to have too much of the French *in it, and I in this a too Superstitious observer of their Mode. But should I excuse my self with her being huddled up in haste, I should but prove the more importunate; Nor shall I tell the World that Honour, Wit, and Vertue, have never had a better Example than your Ladyship, it would be I fancy like a Man in the Month of* May *or* April, *who in a clear, bright, Sun-shining Day, having a fair Prospect of all the Beauties Nature was ever capable of bestowing, and which were adorned by all manner of improvements, would declare to the World that it was Spring, and Figure to himself he had discovered a great secret, in publishing what was already the general delight, Admiration and Wonder: he could not fail of being smiled at for his folly, which to avoid, it is fit that I be silent in a Subject that is above description, that I make my Legg, and retire with all Submission and Respect.*

Madam,

Your Ladyships most

Obedient and most humble Servant.

F. S.

MARY OF ANJOU, QUEEN OF MAJORCA.

THE Caprichiousneſs of the Stars is much to be admired in the Deſtiny of Princeſſes, who ſeem to have been only born in an illuſtrious Rank, for to be the more unhappy; Policy uſually requiring, that they be delivered to Husbands without

consulting their Inclinations; and that they be purely Victimes of State. *Mary* of *Anjou*, Daughter of *Charles* the Second, King of *Naples* and *Sicily*, was a Famous Example of the fantasticalness not to say of the injustice of the Stars. The King her Father gave her, or rather Sacrificed her to the King of *Majorca*. He had for her that tender affection, that the most accomplished Princess upon the Earth merited; severall Princes aspired to so Illustrious a Possession, and she might have been happy. The King of *Majorca* was an Old Man, of a whimsicall and fierce humour: had already had two Wives, nay and had the Reputation of knowing how to dispatch them when he pleased. An Union so ill suited, could not but produce a very ill agreement. Yet all these reasons tho' very powerfull, could not prevail in the mind of King *Charles*, over the reasons of State; His Affairs demanded this Sacrifice from him, the King of *Majorca* offered him great succours by Sea, of which he had extream need for the resisting the powerfull Fleet, that was preparing against him by *Don James d' Arragon*, out of whose Prison he was newly released;

fed; Insomuch that he accepted that alliance preferrable to so many others, if not more illustrious, at least more suitable to the Age and Humour of the Princess his Daughter, but which could not be then so usefull to him, as that of the King of *Majorca*.

I shall take the Subject a little farther than would be necessary for a History of Gallantry, but as it is one of the finest Circumstances of the History of *Italy*, and that I shall say nothing which does not belong to a faithfull Historian, I assure my self, that a Reader the least curious, will not take ill my having added to the amourous Narration, a recitall of the passages of most importance in that time, and which will be no less diverting than what there was of Gallantry.

Charles the Second of that name, King of *Naples* and *Sicily*, one of the greatest Princes then under the Heavens, had been more than Ten Years free Possessour of those two powerfull Kingdoms, when his ambition which could not contain it self in the Narrow Bounds of some States, which made but a little part of the World, stirring up his Warlike Humour, inspired

him with more glorious Conqueſts. *Conſtantinople* that Famous City, appeared to him a Subject worthy enough to make him take Arms, and ſome Lands he had in *Morea*, being capable of ſerving him for a reaſon, or at leaſt for a pretext to pretend to the Empire of the Eaſt: He prepared himſelf to drive away the Emperour *Michael Paleologue*, but fortune raiſed him on a ſudden greater Affairs than he could put an end to, and gave him in his own Country, wherewith to Exerciſe his Marſhall-Genius.

The *French* according to their uſual Cuſtome lived in *Sicily*, with that Liberty amongſt the Women they take in all places. Their Gallantry little agreable to the Humour of the Country, giving occaſion of complaints to ſeveral Husbands, there was one certain *John de Procula*, Phyſitian of the deceaſed King *Manfroy*, whoſe Crown *Charles* the Second then poſſeſſed, who entertaining ſome ſecret Intelligences with the Principal Lords of the Kingdom, reſolved to deliver his Country from ſo Incommode a Nation; He went for that end to *Conſtantinople*, had made known to the Emperour *Michael* the deſign that King

King *Charles* had, hoping to engage him by a Motive of revenge as well as of glory to favour the discontented party; but his practices not succeeding in that Court, which demanded nothing but Peace; and was not at the least in a State of giving great succours to the *Sicilians*, he passed into *Catalonia*, where he offered the Soveraignty of the Isle of *Sicily*, to *Peter* King of *Arragon*, who had Marryed *Constance*, Daughter of *Manfroy*, King of *Naples* and *Sicily*; *Peter* being an Ambitious Prince, and one of the most valiant of his time, pusht on by jealousy of the Glory of *Charles*, as well as by Ambition, for so fair a Conquest: listened to the Propolition of *Procula*, without seeming, however, to close with it, till he first knew what the *Pope*'s Sentiments were therein, to whom this Physitian made two Journeys: And in fine after several Paces and Sollicitations, the Resolution being taken by *Pietro d' Arragon*, *Nicholaus* the Third, who then held the Pontificial See at *Rome*, gave him the investiture of that *Kingdom*.

What was most strange in the success of an Affair of so great an Importance, and at which Posterity will have ever reason to

be astonished, is, that it was caried on with that Order and Secrecy for the space of Eighteen Months, it was in Treaty, that it could never come to the knowledge of any *French* Man. Insomuch that in one and the same day, at the first ringing of the Bell for Vespers, generally all the Cities of that Kingdom took Arms, and made a horrible *Massacre* of all the *French* without any exception; And they were possessed to that Point, with hatred or rather with fury against that Nation; that they put to the Sword, all the Women they found, that they beleived to be with Child by any *French* Man. This horrible Tragœdy happened in the Year, 1281. about Eleven Years after the Entire Establishment of *Charles* the First, in the two Kingdoms.

The *Sicilians* having thus cruelly freed themselves from the *French*, and *Pietro d' Arragon*, having taken possession of the Island, *Charles* was forced to quit the vast designs he had on the East, to think of having satisfaction for so cruel a Revolt; He prepared a powerfull Army against *Sicily*, and being come to beseige *Messina*, he found the enterprize more difficult than he had

had beleived it. Insomuch, that he was obliged to raise the Siege, and was repulsed as far as *Calabria*, from whence he went to *Rome*, to complain to the *Pope* of the Investiture he had given to *Pietro* of *Arragon*, who in that time was Crowned at *Palermo*.

This Affair was agitated in full Assembly, and the two Kings not agreeing, it was resolved that it should be decided by the way of Armes, between these two Princes; and this Duell, a thing very strange, was even by the allowance of the Holy See. *Bourdeaux*, the Capital City of *Gascony*, was chosen for the place of the Randevouz, and the King of *England* for Judge. Wherefore *Charles* came to the Place on the day assigned, and waited the greatest part of the day for *Peter* of *Arragon*, who kept himself so well concealed, that no Body knew where he was, only it had been heard said the day before, that he was still so far from *Bourdeaux*, that it was almost impossible, he could arrive there on the Day of assignation: Insomuch, that *Charles* upon the going down of the Sun retired, and departed at the same time from *Bourdeaux*. *Peter* of *Arragon*,

ragon, who had run inceſſantly upon good Horſes, that he had cauſed to be placed upon the ways, being arrived in *cognito* in the City, kept himſelf concealed till *Charles* was gon, and then he appeared in the Field of *Battel*, in the preſence of him who preſided there, being a Lord the King of *England* had ſent in his place, and complained of King *Charles*, whoſe Impatient Haughtineſs had not permitted him to attend his Arrival. He walked in that manner upon the place, till that he ſaw the Stars appear, than he remounted his Horſe, and returned with the ſame ſwiftneſs that he came, going, as is reported, Thirty Leagues that Night. He retired into a place of ſafety, thus deceiving King *Charles*; but *Martin* the Fourth, who was then *Pope*, excommunicated him, and conferred the Kingdom of *Catalonia*, on *Charles* of *Valois*, Second Son of *Philip*, King of *France*.

In the time that King *Charles* went to *Bourdeaux* for this Duell, *Roger de Loria* a *Calabrian* by Birth, Admiral of King *Peter* of *Arragon*, one of the moſt experienced as well as the braveſt Captains, that had e're been upon the Sea, plyed all the Coaſt

of

of *Naples*, with Forty Five Galleys, ruining all the Country, as far as the City of *Naples*, where he likewiſe came and ſhot an infinite number of Arrows, reproaching the *Neopolitans* with Cowardice, defying them to come fight him. Which ſo ſtrongly animated a Number of brave men, there was in that City, and eſpecially the Young Nobility, that could not endure ſo cruel an affront, that *Charles* Prince of *Salerno*, the only Son of *Charles* the Second, took the Reſolution of fighting him, notwithſtanding, all the Oppoſition of the Legate, and the Expreſs Orders of the King his Father, who had recommended to him, to think only of well defending the City, and not to come to blows with the Enemies; This Prince, I ſay, puſhed on with a deſire of Glory, as well as Indignation at ſo injurious a reproach, went out with Thirty Galleys, and ſome other Veſſels of leſs Conſequence: and attacqued with more Valour than force *Loria*'s Fleet, who after a very ſharp fight, was at the length Conquerour, took Nine Galleys, and a great number of Young Lords, amongſt which was *Charles* Prince of *Salerno*, who was kept with Nine

of

of those he would choose, and the rest were sent to Prison in *Sicily*, of whom, more than two Hundred were beheaded at *Messina*, in revenge of the Death of *Corradin*, Young Prince of *Suevia*, whom King *Charles* whose Prisoner of War he was, after the cruel Sentence of *Pope Clement* the Fourteenth, a Provential by Birth, who wrote to him, *Vita Corradini mors Caroli, mors Carradini vita Caroli*; this King, I say, put him into the Hands of Justice, who condemned him to Death; A Sentence however, which not only every *French* Lord and Gentleman refused to Sign, but whose Execution was fiercely opposed by the Count of *Flanders*, Son-in-Law to King *Charles*, saying that a Prince of that Blood was not to be put to Death after that manner: But to give him his Liberty, and to make him rather a Friend, and an Ally, by the means of a Marriage.

The Day after the defeat of the Prince of *Salerno*, the King his Father returning from *Gascony*, arrived at *Gayeta*, with Sixty Galleys, and Three great Ships with Soldiers and Horses; and learnt the sad News of his Sons misfortune, and that there was already a Revolt in the City of *Naples*,

ples, all the People crying, may *Roger de Loria* live and *Charles* dye. At which this Prince fell into so great a Passion, that being come near that City; he would not Land at the Port, but above the Church of the *Carmelites*, where he descended with design to set on fire that ungratefull and rebellious City. And was a long time in that cruel Resolution, but at length conquered by the Tears of some good People, and by the Prayers of the Legate, he pardoned them, after having caused a Hundred and Fifty of the most culpable to be hanged. This punishment having both calmed and terrified the City, all his cares were to raise a powerfull Army, for to pass into *Sicily*, which was ready about Autumn; and he came to *Cotrona* with a Hundred and Ten Galleys, and some other Sails; but seeing the Winter come on, and wanting Victuals and Money for so great a Fleet, he went to disarme at *Brindiso*, with design to put to Sea again in the Spring, and in the mean time to make Provision of all that should be necessary for the bringing to pass his Projects; If Death had not made them vanish in a moment. He dyed at *Foggia*, a City in *la Pouille*, oppressed

ſed with ſadneſs and Malancholly, after having lived Fifty Six Years, and reigned Nineteen. This Prince was tall, of a ruddy Complexion, had a great Noſe, and a fierce and Martial Air, he was ſharp and ſevere in puniſhment, much more admirable for War than for Peace; As to the reſt, very ſerious, and of almoſt a Religious Life in what concerned Love. He ſlept little, ſpoak ſeldome, doing more than he ſaid; He was liberall to brave men, and firm in his Promiſes, an Enemy of Trifles and uſeleſs Courtiers, but a generous Protectour of Soldiers, and Ambitious more than any Prince whatever, reſolute to have Money at any rate ſoever, when he was to bring to paſs any enterprize. One of the things that have been moſt found fault with, in this Prince, and which has left ſome ſtain in his Glory, is the great Licenſe, he gave to Soldiers in time of Peace, to the great diſadvantage of his Subjects; but otherwiſe, one of the moſt accompliſhed Princes of the Earth.

In that time, *Pope Martin* had ſent two Cardinals to *Sicily*, for the endeavouring to make Peace with King *Peter* of *Arragon*, and not being able to reduce him to accept the

the Conditions that they propoſed, they renewed the Excommunication, there was againſt him; and likewiſe Excommunicated all *Sicily*, from whence they departed in that manner: The *Sicilians* more Animated than ever, to ſee themſelves ſo ill Treated by the *Pope*, in Conſideration of the *French*, having learnt the Death of King *Charles* run to the Priſons where the reſt of thoſe were who had been taken with the Prince of *Salerno*, for to *Maſſacre* them: But they found there ſo vigorous a Reſiſtance, that for the ſparing of the Blood of theirs, they were Obliged to ſet the Priſon on Fire, and cauſed the Death by this unmercifull Cruelty of the fineſt Youth that had been ſeen of a long time in *Italy*, in ſequel of which they cauſed the Judges of the Principal Cities of the Kingdom to Aſſemble, for to make the Proceſs of the Prince of *Salerno*, who was in Priſon with Nine of his Friends, after the Example of King *Charles* the Firſt who had cauſed *Corradin* to be thus judged, and they all unanimouſly condemned him to be Beheaded, as had happened to the unfortunate Prince of *Suevia*; But Queen *Conſtance*, a Princeſs, whom Hiſto-

rians cannot enough commend, being then in *Sicily*, designed to save him, and for to satisfy the People, who demanded his Death, she let them understand, that in an Affair of so great Importance, nothing could be Executed without the allowance of the King her Husband; and thereupon she ordered, that that Prince should be sent into *Catalonia*, where King *Peter* of *Arragon* was, to the end he might do as he should think convenient. This was at length approved by the People, and much Commanded in the World after the Action of *Charles* the First.

The *Pope* having learnt the Death of this King, sent to *Naples*, in Quality of Legate, *Gerard* Cardinal of *Parma*, and King *Philip* the *Count de Artois* his Son, for to take care of the State with *Mary* Princess of *Salerno*, in the Name of *Charles* then in Prison; during that, this King on the other side with the *Count de Valois*, to whom the *Pope* had given the Investiture of *Catalonia*, entred that Kingdom with two powerful Armies, of which that by Sea was of a Hundred and Twenty Galleys. They won *Girona* by assault, where the King of *Arragon*, who was there

there in Person to defend it, received a Wound, of which he dyed. He left *Anfus* his Eldest Son King of *Arragon*, and *Don James* the Second, King of *Sicily*.

During that time, *Roger de Loria*, being departed from *Sicily*, to come to the Succours of the King his Master, learnt that a part of the Fleet of *France* was in the Port of *Roses*, and that the other was gon to seek Victuals at *Narbonne*. Whereupon he went and attacqued first that of *Roses*, of which he burnt a part, having taken or sunk the rest, and made Prisoner *Enguiran* Admiral of *France*. From thence turning towards that of *Narbonne*, he surprized and defeated it with much less difficulty than the former, which being understood by King *Philip*, who was Sick at *Perpignan*, it so grieved him, that it caused his Death; and almost at the same time that of *Pope Martin* the Fourth, Insomuch that there dyed in the space of a Year three Kings and a *Pope*.

Things seemed to be some thing appeased in the midst of so many Deaths of that Consideration, and the King of *England*, who was come into *Gascony*, endeavouring to make Peace between the two Young

Kings, *James* and *Charles* the Second, then in Prison in *Catalonia*, had almost concluded it upon pretty reasonable Conditions, when it was interrupted by the Occasion I am going to relate.

The Cardinal Legat, and the *Count d'Artois*, Governours of the Kingdom of *Naples*, judging the Conjuncture fair for the recovering of *Sicily*, resolved with Fifty Galleys that they had obtained part from the *Venetians*, and part elsewhere, and some *Militia*, that they had caused to come from *Tuscany* with the *French*, and the Country People, to attempt this enterprize under the Command of *Raynand*, *Count* of *Aveline*. This Fleet put to Sea, they Landed in that Kingdom, they besieged *Catania*, they took it, and the *Count* fortifying himself there, sent his Fleet to *Naples*, for to take in the Soldiers which had been left on Shoar there. At the same time the *Count* of *Montfort* Vicar of *Tuscany*, accompanied with the *Count de Boulogne*, and *Philip* Son of the *Count* of *Flanders*, who were at *Sienna*, departing from *Maremma*, with a Fleet of Sixty Galleys, of which *Arrigin* of *Genoa* was Admiral, came towards *Sicily*, to joyn with the *Count*

de

de Aveline. But *de Loria*, who had newly won two Famous Victories, having learnt at his coming from that of *Narbonne*, the descent that the *Nepolitans* had made into *Sicily*, turned that way, and came to the Succours of the *Sicilians*. The First that he met with, were those of the *Count de Aveline*, who were going to *Naples*, whom he chaced, and finding them almost unprovided of Soldiers, he immediately routed them: and from thence going to meet that of the *Count* of *Montfort*, which was coming from *Toscany*, there was a furious fight, in which being at length Conquerour, he took the *Count* of *Montfort* Prisoner, the *Count* of *Boulogne*, and Prince *Philip*. These two last ransomed themselves with a Sum of Money; But the *Count* of *Montfort*, having been detained Prisoner, dyed some time after in Prison. After these two Victories, *Catania* being beseiged by all the Army of *Arragon*, without any hope of Succours, was obliged to render upon Composition, in the Articles of which it was permitted to the *Count de Aveline*, to retire to *Naples*, he and all those who had accompanied him.

The Treaty of Peace between these

two Kings, that *Edward* of *England* had begun, having been interrupted upon this Subject, he brought it again upon the Board, and infine concluded it upon Conditions much less favourable for *Charles* than the former, because things had extreamly Changed Face, after the Victories that *de Loria* had won. King *Charles* promised and obliged himself to procure that the *Count* of *Valois* should renounce all the pretentions that he might have upon *Catalonia*, by vertue of the Investiture that *Pope Martin* the Fourth had given him of it; and that he would Labour at his own Charges, to make *James* King of *Sicily* be Crowned, who gave him three Years to acquit himself of these two Articles, for want of which *Charles* swore he would come again and put himself in Prison at the End of that Term, in the same place where he was, and for surety of his word he gave to King *James* Three of his Sons in Hostage, who were *Lewis* since Bishop of *Tholose*, *Robert* who succeeded his Father in the Kingdom of *Naples*, and *John* Prince *de la Morea*, who dyed very Young, with whom King *Charles* their Father left Fifty of the Bravest Gentlemen, he had then

then with him. And Infme having moreover paid three Thousand Marks of Silver in *Carolins*, he was delivered out of Prison in the Year 1288, where he had been detained Four Years. He went immediately into *France*, to acquit himself of his word, and to procure of the *Count de Valois*, that he should Renounce the Pretentions, he had upon *Catalonia*; But he could never obtain it, and departing from that Court, with a Number of Young Lords, and some Squadrons, which were under the Command of *Emerick de Narbonne*, he came into *Italy*, passed through *Perugia*, where he saw *Pope Nicholas* the Fourth, who had succeeded *Martin* the Fourth, with whom having Treated of the renewing and Confirmation of his States; This *Pope* whether out of Imprudence, or Malice, for the Opinions are Divers therein, Intituled him King of both *Sicilies*, in the Year 1289, After which he went to *Naples*, where he was expected with the greatest Impatience by all his Subjects, who had not ceased to make Vowes for his Liberty. But what was Extraordinary, and filled with joy and tenderness, the Hearts of those who were there present, was to see

the

the King with a Train of Young Lords, the moſt ſplendid and magnificent that had ever been beheld, and on the other ſide the Queen his Conſort who went Three Leagues out of the City to meet him, accompanyed with *Charles Martel* his Eldeſt Son, *Philip* Prince of *Taranto* his Fourth Son, and with Four Princeſſes his Daughters; *Blanche*, *Eleonora*, *Mary*, and *Beatrix*, *Clemence* being marryed to the *Count de Valois*, all of them perfect Beauties, and who had after them a Train of Young Princes, whom Glory and Love, Arms and Gallantry, diverſely engaged in that Court. It would be very difficult to expreſs the Joy that the King had at the ſight of the Queen and his Children; not being able to leave off Careſſing them, eſpecially the Princeſs *Mary*, for whom he had ever had a Particular tenderneſs, and who was ſo increaſed in Beauty ſince his abſence that he could not enough admire her. The People of *Naples* received him with a joy and Acclamations that touched to very Tears: and the rejoycings upon his happy return, were ſuch as if fortune had ever been on their ſide. Thoſe Young Princes were ſeen to ſtrive to out doe one another

another by their Addreſſes and Magnificence in the Turnaments; and all the other Feaſts which were dayly made: eſpecially thoſe who beſides Honour were Spirited with an Intereſt of Heart. Love Animating them to ſurpaſs all the others. All theſe Princeſſes were infinitely pretty; Yet as Palats are very different therein as in all other things, *Mary* according to the moſt Common Opinion, carried it from all the others, and as ſoon as ſhe approached her Siſters, ſhe ſeemed to Efface them. The Elogies that the Hiſtory of *Italy* give her, ſurpaſs all that can be beleived. She had not only fine Eyes, a Noſe, and a Mouth, perfectly accompliſhed, Teeth extreamly white, a Shape, a Gate, an Air, a Port, a Majeſty worthy of the moſt lovely Princeſs upon the Earth; Her wit was likewiſe admirable in all kinds, a Grace in all ſhe did, as well as in all ſhe ſaid, that Charmed all People, and an underſtanding ſo fruitfull in all ſort of matters, that ſhe not only aſtoniſhed but confounded the moſt intelligent. So powerful Charmes hardly begun to appear, than that they had Adorers, and by the meaſure they increaſed, the number of her Gallants augmented alſo.

Inſo-

Insomuch that of all her Sisters, she was the best provided by Love, as well as she had been by Nature: There was reckoned amongst her votaries the *Count* of *Boulogne*, and Prince *Philip*, as those who made the greatest noise; after whom followed *Azzo*, Marquess *d' Este*, Prince of *Ferrara*, and *Henry* of *Narbonne*, Son of *Emmeric*, who endeavoured to attain to the magnificence, as well as Gallantry of the former; but a fifth who sigh'd in secret for the Beauty of that Charming Princess, and who was the Lord of the Court, the most generally esteemed, and the most welcome to the Ladies, was the Young *Hannibal Count d' Aveline*, Son of *Raynaud*, one of the Gallantest men, and the best made of all *Italy*. The Glory and Rank of his Rivals had not hindred him to declare; his Heart was Young and ambitious, and would not have yielded to the Chiefest Princes of the Earth, but not seeing them more happy after their Declaration; and fearing a like Destiny with so haughty a Princess, he would manage her esteem which he possessed, better the way he took, than any of his Rivals: His cares, his assiduities, and his Complacency which he had for

for her from the Morning to the Evening; were what ſpoke, and would have made her divine ſomething of what paſſed in his mind, if that Divine Princeſs, from whoſe Penetration nothing eſcaped, had not out of the goodneſs ſhe had for him, endeavoured to perſwade her ſelf the contrary, that ſhe might not have reaſon to Treat him like the others, taking too much pleaſure in all the little Devoires he rendred her, not to be troubled to give them another interpretation than that of the uſual Gallantry. However his Rivals who were very powerful with the King, whether by their Quality, or by the Services they had rendred him, and which they were ſtill ready to render him, preſſed him very hard to declare himſelf in favour of ſome One, and the report was, his Inclination was moſt for *Philip* the Son of the *Count* of *Flanders*, which very much allarmed all the others, and eſpecially *Hannibal*, in whoſe Face was not only ſeen ſadneſs, but Death Painted, from the time he heard talk of this Marriage. But the News which arrived, that King *James* of *Arragon* prepared to renew the War more hot than ever, giving other thoughts

and

and cares to King *Charles*, than those of making Nuptials, were a great ease to the despair of these unhappy Rivals.

This Prince, having learnt that King *Charles*, contrary to the Faith of the last Treaty, had caused the Pope to give him the Investiture of the two *Sicilies*, animated with hatred and resentment, resolved to be revenged, and made incessantly War-like Preparations to go and attack him in his own Country; *Charles* the Second, as vigilant as a generous Prince, had not wanted foresight, judging that his Enemy would not leave him long in Peace; He had Soldiers enough, but the losses that the Kingdom had had upon the Sea, while that he was in Prison, in the two last Rencounters there had been, wherein *Count Raynaud* on the one side, and the *Count* of *Montfort* on the other, had been defeated, had so weakened him in that part, that all that the King had been able to do, since the little time he was returned to *Naples*, was to prepare a Fleet of Thirty Galleys, with which he could not pretend to show himself against the Forces of the King of *Arragon*, who had more than Fourscore Sail, under the Conduct of the Famous

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Roger de Loria. However the time preſſed, the News came that King *James* was arrived in *Sicily*, that by his Cabals he had cauſed part of *Calabria* to revolt, and that *Catenzano* had yeilded up to him, in ſo preſſing a neceſſity, his allies finding themſelves incommoded, or at leaſt diſcontented at the loſſes they had had in the two laſt Engagements, not to be able to aſſiſt him ſo ſoon, he knew not what Councell to take, nor to whom to have recourſe, for the helping him to extinguiſh the Fire, which was juſt lighted in his own Kingdom, being more neceſſary for him to have forces by Sea to hinder the Succours of *Sicily*, than an Army by Land, in which he was ſtrong enough, when there appeared in the *Port* of *Naples*, Six Galleys which brought an Ambaſſador that the King of *Majorca* ſent to King *Charles*, to demand of him the Princeſs *Mary* in Marriage, in confiedration of which he offered him Forty Galleys, and Six Hundred Men at Armes, who were ready to ſet Sail at the firſt Order they ſhould have. This Ambaſſador was received with that Joy and Honour as ſo obliging offers merited, and which came ſo conveniently as thoſe did. It is true,

that there was little Proportion between the Youth and the Qualities of that fair Princeſs, and the Age and Humour of this King; but the neceſſity of the time, and the advantage of an Alliance with a Prince ſo powerfull at Sea, and who becoming an Enemy by the refuſal that ſhould have been made him, would not have failed to have took the part of the *Arragonians*, were reaſons which prevailed over all the others, and over the particular tenderneſs the King had for that Princeſs; he propoſed *Blanche* or *Eleonora*, but the demand was expreſs for *Mary*, to the Excluſion of all the others. Inſomuch that in fine he was forced to reſolve of this Sacrifice, and the Affairs of the Kingdom, obliging the King to preſs the Concluſion of this Marriage, for the ſooner having the Succours, he expected it was almoſt as ſoon done as propoſed. The aſtoniſhment of all our Lovers, was as great as cruel: they had no ſooner learnt the Subject of that Embaſſy, than that they ſaw that *Negotiation* brought to an end. The King endeavoured to ſatisfy the moſt Conſiderable, as the *Count* of *Boulogne*, Prince *Philip*, the *Marqueſs d' Eſte*, and *Henry* of *Narbonne*, there being

being other fair Princesses enough in his Family, for to repair that loss, if that the Honour of his Allyance bound them to his Person; For *Hannibal*'s part, he had nothing but grief: from whose Succours he hoped to put quickly an end to his pains, at the same time with his life. But that which made him quite desperate, was that the Princess who had more Confidence in him than in any other Lord of the Court, imparted to him part of her troubles, and the little satisfaction she expected in this Marriage; complaining to him of the Cruelty of her Destiny, with Termes so touching the Soul of the sad and passionate *Hannibal*, that notwithstanding all the constraint he made upon himself, he could not hinder sighing, without daring to look upon her, for fear his Eyes which he could not so well govern, as his mouth, should have acquainted her with a secret, it was less time than ever she should know. The Fatal Day arrived at length, that she was to depart, all the Court was to take leave of her, except the *Count Hannibal*, whom she caused to be sought for every where without being found. He even knew not, what was become of himself, so

much the greif of ſo Cruel a Separation had put him beſides himſelf, he too well knew the weakneſs of his Heart, for to expoſe himſelf in the middle of all the Court, to bear ſo cruel a moment as that of the departure of that Charming Princeſs, that the moſt indifferent could not ſee without Tears: He went out of the City, attended only by his Gentleman of the Horſe; and from the Sea Shoar, where he ſtayed, he ſaw the Galleys of *Majorca* depart with an immoveable Air, and almoſt without Sentiment, they carrying from him all that he had moſt dear in the World, without being able to retire from that Contemplation, ſo long as his ſight could accompany them.

The City of *Majorca*, which bears the Name of the Iſleland, is one of the pretyeſt Scituations in the *Mediteranean Sea* and the Caſtle of *Belver* Palace, where the Kings reſided, and which is a Work of the Antient *Moors*, half a *League* from the City, is one of the moſt lovely Places in the World. But to what uſe is the greableneſs of Places to a Young Princeſs if it be not joyned to that of Perſons. She was hardly arrived there, than the

the King her Husband would ſend back the few People that accompanyed her, and this order was Executed, notwithſtanding all the Oppoſition ſhe brought to it. So ſtrange a beginning could not fail of having ſad Conſequences. She quickly found a great difference between that gloomy and deſert Court, and that of the King her Father where all ſmiled, but ſeeing dayly ſome Change in the things that concerned her, and that her Liberty diminiſhed by the ſame degrees that her pains augmented, ſhe had many more Complaints to make. This Conduct appeared to her by ſo much the more rude, in that having been brought up in an Air of Grandeur and Liberty, Honoured, Served, and if it may be ſaid, adored by all the Princes and Lords at the Court of King *Charles* her Father, ſhe ſaw none about her but Old Women, who ſerved her ill enough, and ſhut up in Five or Six Chambers of her apartment, out of which ſhe could not go, without the Permiſſion of the King her Husband, and that even very rarely. What a Deſtiny for a Young and Fair Princeſs, whom the cheifeſt Kings of the Earth would have been

proud of ſerving, to ſee her ſelf a ſlave in a place, where ſhe ought to have Commanded: and without having taſted any of the Sweets that others find in Marriage, to be expoſed to all the pains of without and within, that could attend ſo incompatible a Union. She did nothing but ſhed Teares every day, but thoſe Teares inſtead of ſoftning the Heart of that Cruel *Monarch*, did but the more Irritate him; imagining that they were ſo many ſnares that the Goſſiping Humour of his Wife laid for his Honour.

The Counteſs of *Palomer*, a Young Widdow, who was with the Queen in Quality of her Lady of Honour, extreamly touched to ſee ſo Charming a Princeſs treated after that manner, took ſo great a kindneſs for her, that there was no mannner of care, or Complaiſance which ſhe did not employ for the giving ſome diverſion to her diſpleaſures, ſhe was a very lovely perſon of a good Wit, and of ſo engaging and ſweet a Humour, that it was a great Comfort to the ſad Queen, the having her with her, ſhe had loved her from the firſt day ſhe had ſeen her, and put in her an entire Confidence, imparting

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to her all her troubles, to which the Countess applyed, the softest remedies she could imagine. But in fine the troublesome Humour of the Old King; came to that point of Caprichiousness and Impassion, that there was no longer bearing it, insomuch that the Queen by the Council of her dear Countess, took the Resolution of writing concerning it, to the King her Father, hoping that, as he had ever tenderly loved her, he would take pitty of the Condition, to which she was reduced: and would take order at least, that she might be something better treated. But the difficulty was to find a faithfull and able Messenger, who would charge himself with the Letter, and carry it to *Naples*. The Queen had not one Servant with her, in whom she could trust, they were so many spies that the King kept to take notice of all her actions: The Countess was observed as strictly as she, and the Kings cheif Minister was one, *Don Geronimo*, from whose penetration and vigilance it was difficult to keep any thing of that Consequence. However at the length, seeing themselves extreamly perplexed, not knowing upon whom they should cast their Eyes for to

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ſerve them in this occaſion, without their deſign being in danger of coming to the King's knowledge, the Counteſs bethought her ſelf to propoſe to the Queen that ſame *Don Geronimo* the Kings cheif Miniſter. At which that Princeſs much ſurprized, asked her if ſhe rallyed, to employ the man of all the Kingdom, they ought moſt to fear, who was all the King's Council, and to whoſe perſuaſions ſhe fancied ſhe owed the greateſt part of the troubles ſhe ſuffered. It is true, Madam, anſwered the Counteſs, that *Don Geronimo* has a great power over the King's Spirit; that he is a Creature wholly devoted to him: and that perhaps to make his Court, he approves the Conduct, that is held with you. But it is likewiſe true, that this Miniſter owes more to the *Count de Palomer*, whoſe charge he at preſent poſſeſſes, than to the King; that it was my deceaſed Husband, who made him what he is, and that he arrived not to that high degree of Fortune, not being of a Birth for that, but by his means. *Don Geronimo*, Madam, continued the Counteſs, whom the Queen liſtened to with Delight, is a *Catalonian* by Birth, and having the Reputation of a man

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of great learning, it obliged the *Count* to send for him to *Majorca*, for to take care of the two Sons he had had by his first Wife. He was so satisfied with his Conduct, that after having employed him in some Affairs which he performed extreamly well, and like a man of sence, he made him known to the King; advanced him from charge to charge, till that dying, he told the King, that there was not a man in his Kingdom who was more capable of that he possessed and which was going to be vacant by his Death, than *Don Geronimo*, in which the King who besides the esteem he had, ever had of the Count's Penetration, had a very great Opinion of *Don Geronimo*'s Capacity, followed my Husbands Council, and as soon as he was dead, notwithstanding all the Cabals at Court, for so Considerable a Charge, he advanced to it *Don Geronimo*. So much grace and so great an Obligation that he owed to the memory of his former Master, could not render a Man ungrateful, and I must needs say in his praise, that the acknowledgment he has of it, is such as I could desire it; That he lives not with me as a chief Minister of State, but as if he were still

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the *Count's Domeſtick*, with reſpects and cares that have never ceaſed, ſince my Husband's Death, intereſſing himſelf in all my Affairs as if they were his own, and I can likewiſe ſay that the Employ I have about you, Madam, is leſs an effect of the acknowledgment that the King owes to the good Services that the *Count de Palomer* has done him, than to the Sollicitations of *Don Geronimo*. In fine, Madam, he has neglected nothing, not only of all that could be for my advantage, but of all that could pleaſe me, and what I have told you of the King, it is from him that I knew it; and all the Counſels that I have given you, came from him; thus, Madam, added the Counteſs, it is not to be feared but that if we employ him, he will ſerve us faithfully and uſefully. The Queen very much Charmed to hear all theſe things, told her with an extream joy, that they needed not to go ſeek any farther, ſince they had for them the man of the Kingdom, who could the moſt eaſily and without danger bring to paſs their deſign. Whereupon they concluded, that the Counteſs ſhould firſt ſpeak to him, to ſee if he were diſpoſed to ſerve the Queen in an

an Affair of that Conſequence, without telling him however what it was, and that the Queen ſhould afterwards finiſh the reſt. The Counteſs took her time one Morning that the King was gone a Hunting, for the having the more Liberty, not only to diſcourſe him her ſelf, but to cauſe him to ſpeak to the Queen, and having ſent for him, he came immediately to her Chamber, where after a ſmall obliging reveiw of all the cares he had for her, and having declared to him the delight ſhe took, to ſee how acknowledging he was, for what the *Conte de Palomer* had done for him, ſhe fell to diſcourſe of the ſad Condition whereto the Poor Queen was reduced, which was the Subject, for which ſhe had ſent for him, not doubting but that he was ſenſible of it, eſteeming him as ſhe did, that he could do nothing to comfort her, and that nothing in the World could better declare him to be her Friend, than in endeavouring to find ſome means, that, that lovely Princeſs might be treated with leſs Cruelty, aſſuring him that ſhe was ſo ſenſibly touched at her unhappy Deſtiny: that ſhe ſuffered more than the half of her pains. *Don Geronimo*, the

the moſt Ardent of all men in what concerned the obliging the Counteſs, after having aſſured her, that he had neither Goods, Fortune, nor Life, which ſhe might not diſpoſe of, and which he would not employ for her, and for all that ſhe loved, declared to her, that he was already impatient to know what the Queen deſired of him; Whereupon the Counteſs made him paſs into that Princeſs's Cabinet, where ſhe expected him, for the having a more ſecret Conference with him; As ſhe had prepared her ſelf for what ſhe was to tell him, and that ſhe knew that the Counteſs had made the advances that were neceſſary, ſhe no ſooner ſaw him in her Cabinet, out of which the Counteſs attended, for fear ſome Body ſhould hear them, than that falling to the buſineſs immediately, ſhe told him, that being at length wearied with the Viſions and continual Caprichio's of the King, not to ſay follies and rage: That ſhe was reſolved to write of it to the King her Father, and that ſhe prayed him if he had any Conſideration, or at leaſt any pitty of an unfortunate Princeſs, he would furniſh her with the means for the doing this, and

and aid her with his Councel and Credit, to procure some Temperament to the sad State of her Life, and that the King her Husband might Treat her with a little more softness. *Don Geronimo*, who had hearkened to all this discourse, with the posture of a Man who was profoundly applyed, to the Proposition that was made him; was sometime without answering the Queen, for the making appear of what importance that was she desired of him. After which he represented to her, the difficulties there was in this design, into what incidents he might Precipitate himself, if he so far proceeded to serve her, wherein not only his Fortune was concerned, which he would not consider, in the Honour and Joy he should have of contributing any thing to the easing her pains; but his Life, if the King got the least knowledge of it, and that this demanded some time to think of it. Insomuch that he prayed her to give him at least the rest of the day for that end, the Queen granted it him, but she presently fancied, that it was a Pretexte, that she had confided in a man, who only demanded time to consider of it, that he might

excuſe himſelf the more Civilly. *Don Geronimo* being retired, the Counteſs entred the Cabinet, where ſhe ſaw the Queen with a ſad air, which preſaged to her nothing of happy for their Enterprize. Has *Don Geronimo*, Madam, deceived my hopes? Not quite, anſwered ſhe, but the pain he is in, among ſo many dangers he ſees, to employ himſelf for us, makes me fear he will not charge himſelf with this Affair: After which relating to her the reſt of the Conference they had had together, ſhe made her ſee how little they were to rely on his Succours: However the Counteſs, who would not beleive that ſhe had vainly flattered her ſelf of the Credit ſhe fancied ſhe had with this Miniſter, begg'd the Queen not to diſpair, till that ſhe had ſpoke to him once more; and that very Evening ſhe ſent for him, thinking her ſelf too much concerned, after the advances ſhe had made, not to make uſe of all ſhe thought moſt effective to engage him not to refuſe. *Don Geronimo* came, who knowing wherefore he was called, Compoſed his Face according to his deſign, and appeared at firſt with the Air of a Man ſo Melancholly

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and so perplexed, that the Countess almost lost her hopes of reducing him to what she desired. Hereupon she renewed her pressing ways and full of Charmes, to endeavour to put him in a better Humour: The Cunning *Don Geronimo* seemed still difficult, he told her into how many dangers such an Affair was capable of drawing a Man, and showed her yet greater difficulties than to the Queen; But the Countess not willing to stop in so fair a way, and perceiving notwithstanding all that this Minister told her, that she might yet gain him; asked him what was become of those Protestations so often reiterated, that he had neither Fortune nor Life that she might not dispose of, and pushing that point still farther in telling him that the shame of this refusal would fall all upon her, because it was she who had engaged the Queen to declare her self to him, from whom she had promised her self more zeal to oblige her, than he made appear: there is no manner of softness, looks, sentiments, assurances of friendship, and all that a pretty Woman has of most engageing to bring a Man to her will, but what she employed, and

seeing that this Minister begun to yeild, she was in a greater joy than she could make appear. The sensible *Don Geronimo*, who was touched to the very bottom of his Heart, by all the Countess said, suffering himself to be carried away with the motions that Transported him, took one of her fair hands, which he dared to kiss. That action made the Lady something blush, having ever seen *Don Geronimo* with the greatest respect for her: but the conjuncture of time and the need they had of him, would have procured his Pardon for much greater Liberty. She could have desired he would have gon to the Queens apartment, to impart to her himself the good intentions he had for her service; but he excused himself upon some pressing Affair, which demanded his attendance upon the King; and prayed her at the same time that she would her self carry the news, that he was ready to risque all for her sake, as he would not fail to go and confirm to her the next day at her rising.

As soon as the Countess saw him gone, she run immediately to the Queen to acquaint her with *Don Geronimo*'s Resolution;

ſolution; which was really to her the moſt agreable news ſhe could have brought; but which required the aſſurances of the Miniſter himſelf to be in perfect joy, of which he did not fail at the Hour he promiſed, and he charged himſelf not only with the Letter ſhe would write to the King her Father; but to make it have the ſucceſs ſhe deſired, to accompany it with one of his own, which ſhould be no leſs effectual: the Queen willing to acknowledge his zeal, told him, that he would all his Life find, not only a Prop in her, whoſe power was not great in *Majorca*, but a Protector in the Perſon of the King of *Naples*, who could better acknowledg than ſhe the Service he rendred her. *Don Geronimo* liſtening to what the Queen told him, with an air indifferent enough, the King your Father, Madam, anſwered he is a great *Monaoch*, and can content the Ambition of a Man much more Elevated by Fortune than I am, but it is not what I ſeek, Madam, and you can do more here for me than I can deſire, for the being the moſt happy of all men, I know not, continued he ſighing, if the reſpect I owe to your Majeſty, ſhould

permit me to purſue this diſcourſe, but I fancied, that in abandoning my Life for you, you would if you could, render it happy. He ſtopped here ſome moments without ſaying any thing, during which the Queen was in great pain, fearing that in the diſorder ſhe ſaw him, he would make uſe of the neceſſity there was of him, for the exacting ſomething from her that might be contrary to her Glory: Inſomuch that ſhe was two or three times upon the point of ſending him back, without hearing him any more. When *Don Geronimo* taking Courage, I know, Madam, purſued he, that it is not for ſuch a man as I, to dare to make his Queen his confident, and ſuch a Queen as your Majeſty; but I can only addreſs my ſelf to you, and the Paſſion I have for the Counteſs of *Palomer*, being ſuch that I can no longer conceal it, I have hopes that it depending on you to render any one of the Court happy, you will conſider the intereſts of a man who is willing to ſacrifice himſelf for the endeavouring to render you leſs unfortunate. This Princeſs who did really tremble, and changed Colour twice or thrice, was raviſhed with joy, that

that this ſigh was not addreſſed to her, ſo that ſhe eaſily pardoned him the Liberty of his Confidence; and not being able to hold from laughing at the fear ſhe had, ſhe asked him, if the Counteſs knew the ſentiments, he had for her: upon which this Lover anſwering, that reſpect had ever hindred him from declaring them to her, although he had been more than Six Years paſſionately in Love, ſhe took upon her to acquaint her with them, and to ſerve him as much as ſhe could. This ſo overjoyed the Amourous *Don Geronimo*, that caſting himſelf at her Feet, he could not be thankfull enough for ſo much goodneſs. The Queen made him riſe, and told him, that he might repoſe in her the intereſts of his Heart, and that he ſhould think of her Letter Affair which this Lover promiſed her, and went to labour that moment for the diſpatching away ſecretly for *Naples*, a *Brigantine* of Twelve Oars of a ſide.

Don Geronimo being retired, and the Countess coming to the Queen, was much ſurprized to find her laughing all alone, ſhe made known to her the joy ſhe had to ſee her in ſo good a Humour, and begged

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she would impart to her with the sooneſt the Subject of it, that she might also laugh; this Princeſs told her, that she charged her self with a Commiſſion to her, which she knew not if she should come of with Honour: but that it was so extraordinary, that though it was upon a very serious matter, she could not promiſe she should acquit her self of it in that Tone, and that in a word, if there happened any change in her misfortunes, she should be obliged for it to her Charmes, for the Love of which the paſſionate *Don Geronimo* was obliged to serve her. The Counteſs bluſhed at the Queens Raillery, remembring the boldneſs he had for to kiſs her Hand, which had then made her ſuſpect something: but she fell a laughing with the Princeſs and told her, that she had well foreſeen that she should pay all the charges of that Embaſſy; that however, she should never have beleived, that the Folly of a man of that Birth, who had been her Domeſtick: could have mounted to have conſidered her upon that Foot, and that now she saw that Fortune made People Blind. The Queen took the Lovers part, and the thing having been

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again turned into Raillery, she told her the fear she had been in her self: and begged of her at the same time she would manage the Spirit of this man, till that her business was done, which the Countess the more easily promised her, for that she prepared to divert her self with the passion of this Minister, as well as make use of it for the obtaining what they desired of him.

King *Charles* had at that time, an Army before *Catenzano*, under the Command of the *Count d' Artois*, who besieged it by Sea and Land. Which King *James* of *Arragon* having learnt he departed from *Sicily* with a powerful Fleet, for the releiveing that City with Five Hundred men at Armes, and *de Loria* his Admiral; but he found those of *Charles*, with the *Majorquins* in so good order before the Port of *Catenzano*, that he never durst attack them, nor attempt the Succours on that side. He fancied it would be more easie for him by Land: Wherefore having disembarqued his *Catalonians*, with *de Loria*, they advanced towards the Army of the *Count d' Artois*, who repulsed them as far as the Sea, constraining them to get with all

all haſte into their Galleys. Which was the only time that that great Captain *Roger de Loria* was ever Conquered, *Charles* the Second received the Letter of the Queen of *Majorca*, his Daughter at the ſame time he did the news of this Victory; and the one raiſing in him as much pitty as the other gave him joy, he reſolved to ſend expreſly an Ambaſſador to the King of *Majorca*, to make him his complaints. He made choice for that Embaſſy of *Count Hannibal d' Aveline*, as one who had not only the moſt Wit and Merit of any Lord of the Court, but was moſt capable of performing his Commiſſion; and ſpeaking with the requiſite Tone to the King of *Majorca*. Wherefore he bid him prepare himſelf with the ſooneſt for this Voyage, and gave order at the ſame time, for the making ready Three Galleys, for the carrying him with all his Train, to the Iſle of *Majorca*. He wrote Three Letters, one for this King, the other for the Queen, and the Third for *Don Geronimo*, which *Count Hannibal* had orders to deliver him in particular, and to teſtify to him how ſenſible the King was of the good Offices, he rendred to the Queen his Daughter. *Hanni-*

Hannibal was not so much Charmed with the Honour of this employ; because that the King thereby distinguished him from so many other Lords in that Court, as, because it gave him the opportunity of rendring an important service to a Princess, he had so passionately loved, and these hopes renewing a flame in his Heart, that neither absence nor any other reason had been yet able to extinguish, he used all manner of cares, diligence, measures, and precaution that his Deputation might succeed to the advantage and contentment of the Queen. Her Beauty returned into his mind with more force than ever, and more in Love than he had ever been with her Charmes; all that he said and did, since the King had given him this Commission, was only for his fair Princess, till his arrival at *Majorca*, which was at six of the Clock in the Morning, with Three of the finest Galleys of *Naples*, having brought with him a Hundred Young Gentlemen, whom his merit as well as his magnificence and Liberality bound to his Person: He landed with this fine Train, which immediately drew all the People to see them disembarke, and they were so astonished

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at the richneſs of the habits as well as the good meen of the cheif and of thoſe of his Company, that the report run immediately through the City, that it was King *Charles* himſelf who came to ſee his Daughter. This news being preſently carryed to *Belver*, came to the Ears of the King of *Majorca*, who, not knowing what to think of it, ſent inceſſantly *Don Geronimo*, to inform himſelf of the truth. The Queen, who had heard the report, as ſoon as the King, had an unſpeakable joy: and having ſent for the Counteſs of *Palomer*, they went together into her Cabinet, from whence they ſaw thoſe Three Galleys. For *Belver* is upon a riſing ground, which commands over all the City. They were in ſuch delight, that their joy was heard by all the apartment. They were however in great pain as well as the King, to know who was come, not doubting but that it was ſome one that the King of *Naples* had ſent in Conſequence of their Letter, and they expected with great impatience, as well as the King, the return of *Don Geronimo*, to give them certain News: In the mean time they did

not

not fail to Figure to themſelves a Thouſand things thereupon.

This Miniſter being arrived at the City, in the time, that *Count Hannibal* was juſt landed, and having conducted him to the *Town-Hall*, through ſuch a crowd of People, that they could hardly paſs through the Streets, he had, after ſome Ceremonies of Civility, a particular diſcourſe with him. The *Count* gave him the Letter that the King wrote to him, which he opened, and read the particular Teſtimonies that that *Monarch* gave him of his eſteem and favour. From thence paſſing to the Affair in hand, *Don Geronimo* gave to the *Count* the neceſſary inſtructions upon the meaſures he was to take, and the manner he was to conduct himſelf, after which they both mounted into one of the Kings Litters, to go to *Belver*, whether *Don Geronimo* had already ſent a Gentleman to give notice to the King of the arrival of this Ambaſſador This Prince received him with the moſt Curtezy and Honour, that his Humour, little proper for theſe publick Ceremonies, could permit him. The Interview was very rare that was made in this Reception; where the King on one

part dreſſed like a dull heavy Merchant, accompanied with Ten or Twelve Lords of his Court, who had no better means, nor were better apparelled than himſelf, and on the other *Count Hannibal*, who was the handſomeſt Youth of all *Italy*, all ſparkling with Gold and the Jewels he had about him, with that great number of Gentlemen, all extreamly well dreſſed, with a Courtly Air, which Charmed, and at the ſame time aſtoniſhed all thoſe *Marquins*. They made a noiſe in entring the Place, and eſpecially the *French*, who made the greateſt number, that one would have ſaid they went to beſeige this poor King; *Count Hannibal* after having made his Conge in the Chamber of Audience, where he expected him; ſpoak to him with a Grace and an Eloquence, that the Moroſe Soul of this *Monarch* was Charmed with the praiſes that he gave him, and became good natur'd in favour of him, and more mild; he embraced him Two or Three times with marks of kindneſs he had never ſhown to any one, ſo much power over the moſt obdurate Hearts, has a Perſon whom Nature has took delight in accompliſhing.

The firſt audience, which was about Ten of the Clock in the Morning, being paſſed

passed in Compliments and Ceremonies; there was a particular one about Eight a Clock in the Evening, in which the *Count* declared to the King the Subject of his Embassy, in delivering him the Letter that the King his Master wrote to him; and by which he prayed him to consider that the Princess he had marryed, was the Daughter of a *Monarch*, not fit to be treated after the manner he did, that those were not the conditions of their alliance. That he very well knew, that he had promised him to have that regard for her that was due to Daughters of her Rank: That she should live at *Majorca*, as she had lived at *Naples*, and that however the difference was so great, that having deprived her, upon her arriving at his Court, of all the Domesticks he had himself given her, he had learnt from good hands, that she had hardly People capable of serving her, and that she was kept shut up in her apartment, as a Criminal of State, or as if she were accused of some infamous crime; that this belonged more to a Slave than a Queen, that he prayed him, not as a King; but as his Ally, Friend and Father-in-Law, that he would change his

conduct, and treat his Daughter after a manner that all the Earth might not reproach him, with having so ill marryed a Princess, who merited, and who could have had a more happy Destiny, than that of being his Wife.

The King of *Majorca* well saw, that King *Charles* his Father-in-Law wrote to him, as a Prince, who had newly got a Famous Victory: and who begun to have no more need of him. He was of a more peaceable than Warlike Humour: and not being willing to draw upon himself the enmity of so powerful a *Monarch*, he endeavoured to excuse upon the custom of the Country, the conduct he had thitherto held with the Queen; but that, since it did not please the King his Father-in Law, he would to disabuse him of the false Relations that might have been made him, regulate himself as he should judge most convenient. And it was concluded, that very moment, with *Count Hannibal*, that the Queen should enjoy a modest Liberty, for to walk when she pleased within and without the Palace of *Belver*, when she thought fit: that of the Persons who should serve her, she might choose Six, over whom she should have an entire power: and

er; and that in fine the People who would see her, or who had Affairs with her, might approach her without any difficulty. All those Articles of Peace being thus concluded, the King would out of an excess of Civility; that the *Count* himself should carry the news of it to the Queen, whom he had not yet seen, and prayed him at the same time he would make his Peace with her. *Hannibal* promised him what he desired: and going to her apartment, where she expected him with the Countess of *Palomer*, he saluted her, but with a joy, and such motions of Love, fear and respect, that are difficult to be described: and I beleive that it is all that a very passionate man can do to imagine them. The discontent of that Princess, had not at all lessened her Beauty; on the contrary they had added a certain languishing, which in the midst of so many Charmes, had the most engaging effect imaginable. The amorous Ambassador lost at that sight all his senses to his very Speech; and had occasion for all the force of his Courage to uphold himself, his Countenance changed Colour Two or Three times, and not daring hardly to

look again upon the Queen, since the first time he had seen her, he remained as immoveable, and without saying any thing, in so great a space of time, that that Princess knowing that no man had more wit than he, was much surprized at it. She had no Body near her but the Countess, and *Hannibal* was likewise alone, all the People of their Trains being retired on both sides out of respect. Insomuch that the Queen not seeing what could hinder the *Count* from making known to her what he had to say, in so fine a Subject for the showing his wit, was as much concerned as he, at the perplexities in which she saw him; and beginning to speak that he might recover himself, she told him, that she was extreamly obliged to the King her Father, not only for the affection he shewed her in such an occasion, but for that he had given this Commission to the man of all his Kingdom, she should have desired to have had it, if it had depended on her choice. This Princess good and generous as she was, beleived, that she ought at least to acknowledge with words as obliging as those were, the Service that the *Count* had just done her: besides that,

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what she told him was perfectly according to her sentiments: but this Lover, who was Charmed enough with the pleasure of seeing her, without her needing to add out of so extraordinary a goodness favours which quite confounded him with Love, was upon the point of falling upon his knees, if she had not hindred him. It is a little too much, My Lord, said she to him smiling; and that Excess of Submission would not become a man of the Character you have here. I can never render you enough, Madam, replyed the *Count*, who began to come to himself, all your due, for there is nothing submissive enough which belongs not to you. It is true, continued he, that I am sent hither as an Ambassador from the King of *Naples*, but it is when I am before the King of *Majorca*, and before you, Madam, I am but your Subject, a Title much more glorious for me, than all those that the greatest Kings of the Earth can give me, and which does not dispense me from any respect near you. But after what manner soever you should consider me, Madam, added he, whether as the Ambassador of the King your Father, or as your Subject,

you

you may order me all that you pleaſe; for I am ſent only to this Court to obey you, and to have what rendred to you, that is your due. The King of *Majorca* is going to change his conduct in what concerns you, or at leaſt he has promiſed me to do it: That if he fails in it, and that withal the Honour and reſpect they owe you, he gives you not the Liberty you deſire, I have order to tell him, that you belong to a *Monarch* extreamly jealous of his Glory: and whoſe reſentment for the injury ſhall be done you, will proceed much farther, than if it were done to his own perſon. He ſtill enlarged more at length upon the particular orders he had received from the King; and which concerned the Queen, but with terms ſo ſtrong and paſſionate, that ſhe was extreamly touched with acknowledgement, and could not hinder her ſelf from ſhowing it him by a Thouſand goodneſſes, of which the moſt important for the amorous *Hannibal*, was that of her picture, which ſhe gave him. Never Lover loaded with Honour and Grace, felt ſo much joy as the *Count* did at that preſent. The leaſt favour from the Hand of that Charming Princeſs, would have been

been more considerable to him than all the Riches of the World: and it is credible, that that of a Picture, for which he would have given a Thousand Lives, was something very Charming to him.

The Queen passing to the News that she would know of the Court of *Naples*, and the *Count* having satisfied her in all that she desired, she beleived, it was not yet convenient to lay hold of the new Articles of Peace, between her and the King; and made it a small Subject of raillery with the *Count*; after which this Lover taking leave of the Queen retired to his apartment, where he passed the most pleasant Hours that a happy Lover had ever had.

The Queen, since her being in that Court, having seen none but such People as raised her pity, and having had an esteem of a long time for the *Count*, could not hinder her self in seeing him from showing the joy she had of his arrival, and even to feel something more strong, that those motions finding him better made, as seem'd to her, than she had ever seen him; and afterwards passing over in her mind part of the things, he had told her,

her, she found in his air and manner of expression, something so Witty and so Gallant that she sigh'd, in making reflection on all she had quitted. The truth is, the *Count* had a great part in that sigh, but the Hour was not yet come, that this mystery which did but appear in her should be discovered: Her Heart which she had since that Evening filled with a Thousand different things, caused her desires to floate diversly, sometimes upon one Subject, sometimes upon another: but that which most possessed her, was the silence and the disorder into which the *Count* immediately fell in seeing her, and this Seconded by certain looks and a passionate action, that she had observed in him, and which exceeded the ardour of an ordinary Subject, seemed to learn her a secret, of which she had had formerly a great deal of Suspicion. In the favourable disposition she then was, this thought musts needs give her at first a great deal of pleasure, but certain returns on the side of Glory, coming to destroy in one moment all these Amorous Fancies, she reproached her self with the very weakness of thinking of them. In the mean time notwith-

notwithstanding, all these glorious Reflections, the mind taking the party of the Heart, as it usually happens, she fell into it incessantly, and passed one part of the Night in disquiets. Not that she distrusted her self, and that she did not beleive she had Empire enough over her Heart, to hinder, from entring therein any thing that might be called passion; but it was, that she feared, that the esteem, perhaps a little too great, that she had for a Gentleman so well made and so dangerous, might not insensibly engage her to treat him more favourably than she ought, if it was true, what she imagined, that he had Sentiments so little respectuous for her, and that this might not give him at the same time an occasion of flattering himself. And in this thought she did, all that she could, to irritate her self against him; but she found so little reason to do it, that that even betrayed her, and engaged her whether she would or no to justify him.

The *Count* passed the Night much more agreeably. He had a long time made it his happiness to love that Charming Princess without telling it her, and without hope-

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ing any thing; and then *Swimming* in a sort of languiſhing full of joy, he repreſented to himſelf with what Grace ſhe had received, with what kindneſs and goodneſs ſhe had ſpoke to him; but above all that Divine Picture ſhe had given him in ſo obliging a manner, and which he inceſſantly kiſſed, as being the Crown of his happineſs, the Night laſted but little in that manner, although he paſſed it without ſleeping; and *Don Geronimo*, who had not yet made him a viſit, coming to ſee him in the Morning, was received by him with that kindneſs that was recommended to him by King *Charles* his Maſter, and which the ſervices merited he had rendred to the Queen his Daughter, and the truth is, the Ambaſſadors Soul was then ſo ſatisfied, that he would have been pleaſing to his very Ennemies; They then contracted a very great Friendſhip, and as thoſe of Court are uſually founded upon ſome intereſt, that of Love was principally what engaged them: the *Count* becauſe that he ſaw, that the Friendſhip of a Man as *Don Geronimo*, who governed the Old King's mind, could not but be uſeful to him; and the other, becauſe that he judged, that

that it would be to make his Court to the Queen, the being united in Friendſhip with the Ambaſſador, and to have at the ſame time a pretexte of the oftner ſeeing the Counteſs. There was preſently the beſt underſtanding between them poſſible, they were almoſt ever ſeen together, eſpecially when they were to go to the Queen; which the *Count* affected for the giving the leſs Ombrage to the King, with whom *Don Geronimo* made it likewiſe a merit, that he ever accompanied the Ambaſſador in theſe occaſions, rendring afterwards an account of what paſſed in thoſe viſits, ſuch as he judged convenient, for the entertaining him in the confidence he had of him. But at the length this Miniſter of State, who was a clear ſighted man, remarquing a great Change in the Counteſs's mind, as well as in her manner of treating him; and that the Society he had made with that Ambaſſador, had been more diſadvantageous than uſeful to him, eſpecially ſince ſome daies, that the Queen, more retired, ſhowed her ſelf leſs than uſually, the Counteſs then paſſing whole Afternoons in entertaining her ſelf with the *Count*, without daigning

once to cast her Eyes upon him. *Don Geronimo*, I say, vexed to the very bottom of his Soul, to be thus treated, and weary with acting the part he did, resolved to Troop a part and render his visits in particular, for to see if it was out of modesty before that Ambassador, or because there was no more occasion for him, that he was looked upon with that indifference. He feared that they had really changed their Sentiments for him, and that he had been the Instrument of his own misfortune: but the thing required some light, before he came to Complaints; and his design was not difficult to be Executed. He took the pretexte of an Affair of importance, as it happened to him often enough, to pray the *Count* to excuse him, if he did not accompany him that day to the Queens; His excuse was very kindly received, for that Ambassador who had all his reasons to quit his Company, was in pain to find the means to be civilly rid of him. The Countess of *Palomer*, whom he considered as the Queens Heart and Counsell, and of whom he had demanded the reason why that Princess was become so solitary, since some days that she could not

be seen, had told him, that *Don Geronimo* was the cause; but the truth was, that it was she that was weary of him, and who would have been glad to have entertained the *Count* without such a Witness, who observed her least actions. In the mean time the Ambassador was extreamly concerned he had no sooner known what the Countess told him; gave her many thanks for her advice, and promised her to make use of it. But what the Queen feared, was not the sight of *Don Geronimo*, the Countess had spoke for her: and that Princess on the contrary very much approved therein the *Count*'s Conduct. What she shun'd and rendred her solitary, was the sight of that Lover: But retreat and solitude are ill remedies against Love. The violence she used upon her self that she might not go and see him when she knew he was in her Antichamber with the Countess, more augmented her ardour than a discourse of several Hours. In fine she knew not what to do, nor what to say, and she saw that her Heart became dayly more weak against so Charming a Passion: if any thing was capable of fortifying it, it was what the Countess told

her, at the return from the discourses she had had with the *Count*; for the Queen ever very passionate and very curious to know what he had said to her, did not fail to send for her as soon as that Lover had quitted her, and to demand upon what he had entertained her. The Countess, who considered this Ambassador as a Conquest already made, needed not to be much pressed, to brag of it to the Queen, and with the air of a Woman something vain, and who would make her self beleived, she told that Princess, that his discourse was alwaies of Gallantry, attended with sighs and passionate looks, which escaped from the *Count*, who was ever commending her Beauty. The Queen told her, to undeceive her, that all this was very usual at the Court of *Naples*, where all the Young Lords thought it the Devoir of a Gallant man, when they were with any Lady to say to her kind things, and that it was very dangerous to trust in them. The truth is, that the *Count*, judging that the Countess's Friendship, who had all manner of Power with the Queen, was absolutely necessary to him, had neglected nothing that might get him into her favour

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and that, as he was extreamly amorous, Courtſhip and kindneſs coſt him nothing, and he had been more perſuaſive to that Lady than he deſired: becauſe that ſhe would really be perſuaded that he loved her. In the mean time the Queen, whom ſhe had Twice or Thrice acquainted with the ſame thing, not knowing what to beleive of it, and inceſſantly attacqued with a Thouſand different thoughts, reſolved to have an Eclairciſment, there being nothing more capable of curing her of that paſſion, than the truth, of what the Counteſs told her. She was thus diſpoſed, when her Lady of Honour came to tell her, that *Count Hannibal* asked to ſpeak with her. It was what ſhe deſired, however notwithſtanding, the Reſolution that ſhe had taken, ſhe ballanced, and would not have yet been ſtrong enough to have Executed her deſign, if the deſire ſhe had to ſee him, had not made way for her to reſolve of it. Whereof ſhe bid the Counteſs bring him in. I come, Madam, ſaid the *Count* as he entred, to ask you a Thouſand Pardons for my imprudence, in not having judged, that it was too great a Grace you did in granting me the Honour

of seeing you sometimes, without charging my self with the Company of a man as *Don Geronimo*, who might be to you in the end troublesom and incommode. I know not, answered the Queen very much astonished at this discourse, who has so ill informed you of my Sentiments; but far from having disapproved your Conduct therein, I found it very reasonable. *Don Geronimo*, added she, is a man to whom I have Obligations, I cannot enough acknowledge, I am acquainted with his merit and probity. And he shall not only be kindly received when he comes in your Company; but I declare to you, that I shall never more willingly see you, than when he is with you. *Don Geronimo*, Madam, replyed the *Count*, is much more happy than I imagined, and I shall for the future better know how to judge of the Sentiments you have for People, than to attribute to them the cause of the unhappiness, which deprives me of the Honour of seeing you, without which I should have nothing more to do here. Let us let *Don Geronimo* alone, replyed the Queen, not being willing to enter into this discourse; and tell me from whence it

it proceeds, that having related to me the particular Affairs of the Court of *Naples*, and the adventures of ſeveral Lords, you have told me nothing of your own. Do you keep them for the Laſt? Or do you beleive that there is too much vanity to acquaint with them your ſelf, without that I deſire it. I beleive Madam, anſwered the *Count*, I have forgot nothing of all the Gallantry that paſſed in that Court, ſince your leaving it, for as to what concernes me, I can aſſure, that there has been nothing in all that time which merits your Curioſity; and that in all my Life, I never paſſed my time with ſo much trouble and ill Humour. How is it poſſible, replyed the Queen, that that amourous Star which rules over that Court ſhould have no Influence upon you. This is ſo true, Madam, replyed the *Count*, that what inclination ſoever I have formerly had for pleaſures, I was never ſeen at them but when an indiſpenſible devoir called me to them, or when the Service of the King my Maſter was concerned, or that I was to give him an account of the orders he had been pleaſed to give me; except in thoſe Caſes I was ever at my Country

try Houſe, it being moſt ſuitable to the Humour I then was in, and where I had reſolved to paſs the reſt of Life. The Change is great, ſaid the Quen to him; who eaſily comprehended that that ſolitary Life regarded her, and we ſhould not be much in pain to be perſuaded, that it is the effect of ſome unhappy Deſtiny; But however, if People are to be beleived who obſerve you, you have not the air of an indifferent man, and whether it is that you have found more Charmes in this Court, than in that of *Naples*, you are not ſeen to ſeek Solitude ſo much. The *Count*, bluſhing at theſe words, could not hinder ſighing, which being preſently obſerved by the Queen, you ſigh, my Lord, ſaid ſhe, Ah! you are in Love, and you ſhall acquaint me with the Cauſe of that ſigh, or I ſhall be no longer your Friend. If I have any favour to demand of you, Madam, anſwered the *Count* with a trembling and paſſionate voice, it is, not to oblige me to tell you a thing, that I ſhould rather dye than declare to whomſoever it was. This Charming Princeſs being in a greater fear than he, that he ſhould explain himſelf too clearly, was not willing

willing to preſs him any more: However as ſhe was in pain to quit ſo ſoon, a matter, which ſo much pleaſed her, ſhe could not ſtop there, and reviewing him with an air to force the ſecret from a Heart: but in fine, ſaid ſhe to him, you will at leaſt confeſs to me, that this ſad and penſive Humour has not alwaies laſted in you, and that whether at *Naples*, or in this Country, you are in Love. It is true, I Love, Divine Princeſs, anſwered that Lover all Tranſported, and with the moſt extraordinary paſſion that ever one has loved. I have been in Love purſued he ſighing, theſe Five Years, that is to ſay, from the moment I could know what Love was, and I have from that time felt all that can be imagined of moſt tender and ardent in a Heart: and at the ſame time all that there is of moſt ſubmiſſive and fulleſt of reſpect in devoir. All this, Madam, without daring to tell it, and without hopes. The Queen, fearing that ſhe could not anſwer this diſcourſe without its coſting her ſome weakneſs, conſidering the looks and paſſionate action with which that Lover accompanyed it, would rid her ſelf of it; and riſing from whence ſhe was, I

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pitty you, ſaid ſhe, and went at the ſame time into a *Baleony* there was to her Chamber, for to hide the diſorder, into which a Thouſand different motions caſt her which roſe in her Soul. The *Count* followed to the *Balcony* Door, where ſtopping, he ſaw ſhe ſaid nothing more, and that ſhe did not ſo much as look upon him. Wherefore after having beeen ſome time in that Poſture and ſilence, he thought it was his duty to retire. But the Queen turning then towards him; What do you go away, ſaid ſhe to him, without having ſatisfied me upon what I deſire: and ſhall I not know who that Beauty is for whom you have ſo long ſighed. I have told you, Madam, anſwered that Lover, with a very ſubmiſſive voice, that it would be leſs trouble to me to take away my Life, than this ſecret. And the only Grace I demand of you is to let it dye with me. You put but little confidence in People, replyed the Queen, and to let you ſee, I have more conſideration for you, I not only conſent you tell me nothing of it, but I even forbid it you: and paſſing at the ſame time from the *Balcony* into her Cabinet, ſhe left the

the *Count* in a terrible fright.

Don Geronimo was then with the Counteſs. This Miniſter being deſirous to know his Deſtiny with that Lady, came alone to the Queens Antichamber, where he found her Penſive, but ſo profoundly that ſhe hardly ſaw him enter. He approached her: and notwithſtanding all he could ſay, he ſaw, ſhe could hardly open her Mouth to make him an anſwer. Inſomuch, that taking from thence an occaſion of explaining himſelf, he told her, that he knew not if he had been unhappy enough to diſpleaſe her in any thing; but that he had obſerved that of late, ſhe had much diminiſhed the eſteem ſhe had formerly had for him; and that ſhe would oblige him extreamly, and likewiſe draw him out of a very great pain, if ſhe would be ſo kind as to acquaint him with the reaſon of it. The Counteſs, who immediately comprehended whither theſe Complaints tended, and not being willing to give this Miniſter a reaſon for them, knowing his dangerous Spirit, ſhe anſwered him very obligingly, that as thitherto ſhe had had all manner of reaſon to commend

mend him, ſhe had likewiſe for him the ſame conſideration ſhe had ever had, but that ſince ſome time, ſhe had taken, but ſhe could not tell at what, a certain ſad and Melancholly Humour, which made ſeveral People complain of her as well as he, and that they who knew her ought rather to pitty than blame her. *Don Geronimo* was not ſatisfied with this excuſe: He knew, from whence her diſeaſe proceeded, or at leaſt he very much ſuſpected it; However without ſeeming to know any thing, he told her that Divertiſement was the only remedy for ſuch ſort of ills; and propoſed to her at the ſame time to go ſee the Water Works that were made in the Garden, and which were to be tryed for the firſt time. The Counteſs, who had many other deſigns in her Head, told him, that ſhe had ſomething to do with the Queen, but that if he would in the mean time go alone, and hinder them from playing, they would preſently follow him. *Don Geronimo* ſeeing, that the Lady would get rid of him, anſwered her that he would have the Honour of attending them: and that he well knew that there would be nothing done in the Garden

Garden till he came. But I muſt, replyed the Counteſs, (in whoſe Eyes it was eaſie to ſee the Impatience ſhe was in to ſend him away) ſee the Queen, and ſpeak to her in particular. You may do it, Madam, replyed this Lover, holding ſtill firme, while that I attend you. But cannot you, replyed ſhe, go wait for me in the Garden. Not without you tell me, (*Don Geronimo* anſwered coldly, beginning to loſe his Patience) that I am troubleſome here, for I ſhould have more pleaſure in accompanying you: thereupon the Counteſs, ſeeing the *Count* going from the Queens, and that he paſſed by without ſtopping, ran after him. This Miniſter, whoſe Heart was ſtabbed with that action, no longer doubting of the truth of his misfortune, approached her, and with Eyes that were inflamed by his jealouſie, I ſee, Madam, ſaid he ſoftly to her, what you waited for, an other time I ſhall be more Complaiſant. The *Count* ſurprized with ſeeing *Don Geronimo* go away in a rage, not knowing, if it was with him that he was angry, asked the Counteſs what that Miniſter had ſaid to her, and from whence it came he retired in ſuch a

pet. The Lady, who would not have been willing that the *Count* ſhould have known that *Don Geronimo* was in Love with her, was at firſt ſomething perplexed; But her Wit which never failed her upon any occaſion, furniſhing her with an anſwer to her advantage, Do not you ſee, ſaid ſhe to him with a forced ſmile, that he is a faithfull Miniſter, and that he takes part in all that concernes his Maſter? He ſaw you come alone from the Queens, with whom, you had paſſed an Hour in particular diſcourſe, and you would not, that he ſhould have Ombrage of it. You are too well made, and he would injure your merit, if he treated you with more ſoftneſs. How, Madam, cryed *Hannibal*, troubled at this News! Should I be ſo unhappy, that this man ſhould have ſo criminal ſuſpicions of me. Ah! Madam, added he upon the point of running after him, I muſt undeceive him as ſoon as poſſibly. Make not ſo much haſte, anſwered ſhe ſtopping him, for I have ſomething to tell you of more importance than that. Permit me firſt, replyed the *Count*, to ſpeak with this Miniſter, and I will afterwards return to you. It will be a uſeleſs

trouble,

trouble, replyed she, and instead of undeceiving him, you will by this eagerness but the more confirm him in his Suspicions. I do not beleive that, replyed he, but in fine let what will happen I must needs speak to him; and I begg, Madam, you will let me go. After that the Countess could not detain him any longer, but it was not without a very sensible displeasure. That *Nicery* she saw in him in what concerned the Queen, and that earnestness to run after *Don Geronimo*, seemed, in giving her an extream disquiet, to open her Eyes for the discovering to her all that she could imagine most cruel to her. What should it be possible? Said she in thinking of all this, that I should have been so long without perceiving this mistery: and that Chance should have thus discovered it. Am I mistaken! Or is it true that the *Count* is in Love with the Queen. Ah, Heavens! Added she in lifting up her Eyes, can you have prepared me so terrible a Blow. Her mind was almost overcome with these cruel thoughts, when the Queen came out of her Chamber, who told her, that she had a desire to go walk in the Garden, the

Counteſs immediately endeavoured to recover her ſelf, for fear that Princeſs ſhould obſerve in her Face the diſorder of her Heart; but the Queen her ſelf was ſo poſſeſſed with her own thoughts, that ſhe hardly looked upon the Counteſs. Wherefore they went towards the Garden, where the Queen being deſirous to entertain her ſelf all alone, left the Counteſs behind her with the reſt of her Train. *Don Geronimo* who walked at the ſame time his thoughts or rather his furies in that ſame Garden, ſeeing the Queen, went directly to her, for to complain of the Counteſſes cruelty, he borded her with a melancholly air; and told her his misfortune with ſo ſad a Tone, that it would have made the Queen laugh, if ſhe had took leſs part than ſhe did in the Subject of his Complaints. She endeavoured however to undeceive him; Ah! Madam, anſwered he, I am but too well perſuaded, that in employing my ſelf for your repoſe, I have only laboured to ruin my own: and that the arrival of this Ambaſſador undoes me, and that in delivering you from all your pains, he loads me with the moſt cruel torments that a Heart can

can suffer. I lived at least in some hopes, added he sighing, and if I was not beloved, I had no Rival. There are few People in this Kingdom who would have disputed with me that happiness; and am not I very unfortunate in having been my self the Instrument of my despair! The Queen, who did really take pitty of this poor Lover, to whom she had very great Obligations, was not in much pain to assure him; that she was concerned at his misfortune, and that she would use all her power with the *Count* as well as with the Lady to hinder, that he might not be troubled in his designs. But a certain interest of Heart engaged her much more in it, she was very glad that this interest was authorized by so reasonable a pretette, as was that of favouring the precautions of *Don Geronimo*, as she had promised him. She then told him for to comfort him, that he needed only to retire, and that she would go that very moment and speak to the Countess, who was come with her into the Garden. This Minister having thereupon quitted the Queen, she enquired of her Maids what was become of the Countess, whom she saw not:

Who answered her, that they beleived she was in the middle *Arbour* with the Ambassador of *Naples*, this Princess, who had already been much concerned with what *Don Geronimo* had told her, was so troubled to learn at the same time, that the *Count* was in particular Conference with her, that not being Mistress of her self, she would go see what they did in so retired a place as that.

As we are extream prone to flatter our selves in things which please us, we likewise beleive, as late as we can, those which are disadvantageous to us; and especially Women, in whom Vanity is a weakness they lay by the Last of all others: the mistaken Countess might have observed by all the actions of *Count Hannibal*, that his Heart inclined towards the Queen, but taking pleasure in blinding her self, and not being willing that other Qualities than her own should have made impression upon that Lovers Heart, she had persuaded her self that the devoir of an Ambassador bound him to that Princess, and that of a Lover to her, till the Affair of *Don Geronimo*, in which besides the earnestness he had been in to run after him;

him; she had immediately observed a certain trouble in his Face, which had more of the Character of a passionate Lover than of an Ambassador zealous for the Queens Interests. These thoughts which had accompanyed her to the Garden, having conducted her into the *Green-Arbour*, after she had seen *Don Geronimo* bord the Queen, entertained her in a profound pensiveness, when the *Count*, who still sought that Minister, passing by the *Arbour*, fancyed that in seeing the Countess the Queen was there, and went in to Salute her, however finding only the Countess, who sitting upon a Grass seat, seemed by her languishing posture to have sought retreat, asked her Pardon for having interrupted her in her Solitude, and was going to retire. But she rose, and eying him with a Face mingled with vexation and Love, I very well see, My Lord, said she to him that it is not me you come to seek here. It is true, Madam, answered the *Count*, that I still seek for *Don Geronimo*: and perhaps the Queen, interrupted she, but whether the Queen or *Don Geronimo*, added she blushing, it would be neither obliging nor civil to find

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me alone, and to quit me again to run after a man. I must tell you, pursued she, that he is in conference with that Princess, and that you will lose nothing by being a moment with me. *Hannibal* yielding at the reproaches of the Countess, whom he had no mind to displease, prepared himself to entertain her; and the Countess, who had already made so many advances, continuing her design, *Don Geronimo* is not the only person that is jealous of your going alone to the Queens, and that you entertain her without witnesses: there are People who have observed your actions yet more nearly; and who, taking more interest than he in your sighs, have pushed their Penetration so far, that they fancy they have found out their course; and you will be more troubled to undeceive them than this Minister. The *Count* extreamly surprized with the discourse of that Lady, who spake to him very seriously, assured her, that he could hardly believe what she told him; because he did not think he had ever given the least ground for the like suspicions. I will not tell you, replyed the Countess upon what they have particularly conjectured, that

your

your Heart went towards the Queen: but there is perceived in you an air extreamly amorous; ſighs eſcape from you from time to time before People: you fall into languiſhings and into abſences of mind, and to the leaſt of your actions all is ſo paſſionate in you, that one would really ſay you were in Love with all the World. In the mean time, as there is not at this Court many perſons fair enough for a man ſo well made as you, they eaſily caſt their conjectures upon thoſe you ſee moſt often, who are the Queen and my ſelf. The moſt common Opinion is, and with reaſon, that it is the Queen, but that Princeſs will have it me. She endeavours at leaſt to perſwade *Don Geronimo* ſo, who ſeems to take more intereſt in it than ought to be permitted to ſuch a man as he. I explain my ſelf no more, my Lord (purſued ſhe) it is for you to draw ſuch Conſequences as you pleaſe; but it is to debaſe one's ſelf very much, for a Queen to manage ſuch a man to my coſt. I will not, added ſhe, pretend to an Honour that is not my due; wherefore I begg of you that in undeceiving *Don Geronimo* of the ſuſpicions he has of you upon the account

account of that Princeſs, you would not let him know that it is to me you addreſs your paſſion: for I am not at all of the Humour to take pleaſure in being made uſe of for a Pretexte. The *Count*, much perplexed at this diſcourſe, fell into the ſnare that the Counteſs laid for him; and as if he was awaked from a long ſleep. Can it be poſſible, ſaid he ſighing, that this Miniſter durſt lift his Eyes upon the Queen, and that this Princeſs——no, continued he, after a moment of reflection, this cannot be: I know, purſued he with ſome tranſport, the Queens Heart, and though the inſolence of ſuch a man as he ſhould have mounted to that point he——But, my Lord, (interrupted the Counteſs, whom that diſcourſe aſſaſſinated) Is it againſt me that you ought to diſpute this? and do I ask you If it is true, that *Don Geronimo* is in Love with the Queen or no? It is of you, purſued ſhe, the diſcourſe was of, and I intereſs my ſelf in it more than ordinary, I ſhall not oppoſe all that can be ſaid, if you love me as they ſay you do, the paſſion of ſuch a man as you, has ever wherewith to flatter the Vanity of a Woman, not to be diſplea-

ſed

ſed at the report of it; but if it is the Queen you Love, as I do not at all doubt, your Generoſity is concerned not to ſuffer me to be played upon.

She was come to that, and the *Count* who fell from perplexity to perplexity, knew not what to anſwer, when the Queen entring the *Arbour* ſo ſurprized the Counteſs, that not knowing how to hide the diſorder the *Counts* ſilence had caſt her in, as well as the preſence of that Princeſs, ſhe choſe to retire. The Queen ſomething ſurprized to ſee her go away in that manner, would have called her, but in the Agitation and trouble ſhe came, ſhe found her ſelf ſo weak at her enterance, that ſhe had not the power to open her mouth. The *Count*, who ſaw her ſo pale and changed, run immediately to her, and with a tenderneſs full of allarum, he asked her, if ſhe found her ſelf ill, and if ſhe deſired, he would call any of her Maids. No, anſwered ſhe him, in ſighing with a languiſhing air: But from whence comes it that the Counteſs goes away? I know not, Madam, anſwered the *Count* in a manner ſomething perplexed. You know not, replyed the Princeſs;

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I believe however you can tell me the reason if you will, but I begin, added she, to know the little relyance there is to be had upon you, by the little Confidence you have in me, Alas! with what do you reproach me, Madam, cryed that Lover? and how little you Penetrate how far goes—he stopped there sighing, and on a suddain renewing the discourse with something more heat, if my Life was concerned, Madam, added he, I should not hesitate one moment the telling you all there is in my Heart. Why then, replyed she, do you refuse me the part I demand in your Confidence? You know, Madam, answered the *Count* what you forbid me? Yes, but I no longer forbid it you, replyed she, how should I know what you would think? For if it is what they would make me beleive, it would seem that in leaving you in this silence one should authorize your temerity: No, *Count*, pursued she, with a more pressing manner than ever, you shall tell me, I Command it you, if your Heart does not accuse you of any thing againſt me: if the sentiments you have for me are as full of respect, as I could desire them of you.

You

You are troubled, *Count*, continued she still, seeing the disorder into which she put him; and your Face does but too much declare that you are Guilty. Do not rely upon my goodness, I have a consideration for you, because you have some merit; but I am to maintain my Glory; a small thing would wound it, and you would less deserve favour than any one soever, if you were fallen into such a misfortune. The amorous *Hannibal*, with a Countenance sad and full of respect, though ever very passionate, I have failed, Madam, I confess it, said he to her sighing, without being able to say any thing more: at which that lovely Princess extreamly touched, began to represent to him with a great deal of softness, that she was neither of a Rank nor in a State to suffer that any other than the King her Husband should have such sentiments for her; and that if he was reasonable, he would do himself justice in that point, and not suffer himself to be hurryed away by a blind passion and without hopes. That he very well knew that it was to lose his respect to her, and that since she had perceived it, what she owed to her self would oblige

her, not only to forbid him her presence, but also to cause him to be recalled by the King her Father, if the hopes she had of reducing him to his devoir, did not make her treat him with a little more goodness: that this merited, that he should make some reflection upon it, and that he would seriously labour to cure his mind of a blindness, which could not fail in the end of being his ruine. I know, Madam, answered that Lover, who began to take Courage, that I have merited Death, I shall not refuse it at any time you shall be pleased to order it me, but for loving you nothing can hinder me as long as I live. I might not tell it you, as I did not during the space of Five Years, that I have loved you with a passion the most tender and fullest of respect that ever one loved with, I might likewise not see you, that neither my Eyes nor sighs should speak; but I should not however have failed of having alwaies for you the same ardour, and it does not depend on me to get rid of it. I have told my self, all that can be said in that case. I have set before my Eyes greater unhappinesses than all those you can ever threaten me with: and all this,

Madam,

Madam, has but the more irritated my paſſion. All the reaſons contrary to this inclination, and even to your very hatred, which would be to me the moſt redoubtable thing in the World, have never been able to perſuade me, that you were not the moſt lovely Princeſs under the Heavens, and that I ought to love you to the very Grave. I ſaw it was without hopes, purſued he, ſeeing that the Queen let him ſpeak, I durſt not even flatter my ſelf, that you could ever know any thing of it, and yet I could not hinder the abandoning my ſelf to it, as if I were to have been the moſt happy of all Lovers. The Queen who had thitherto ſuffered her ſelf to be lulled with the pleaſure of hearing him, recovering from ſo charming an Errour, was ſomething aſhamed of her weakneſs and bluſht. Whereupon recalling all the efforts that modeſty and devoir could make upon her, and taking an air more ſevere than the ſoftneſs of her Nature, and than even the tenderneſs of her Heart could well permit her, You only ſeek then to irritate me againſt you, and what advice ſoever I can give you, you will deſpiſe it, and you fear not my anger.

I fear all from you, Madam, answered he with a transported voice, but what I ought most to fear in you is your fair Eyes. And would to God, added he sighing, that I had ever seen you in anger and full of disdain and contempt for me. This wish so little usual, and the action with which that Lover pronounced these words appeared something so rare to the Queen, that notwithstanding all her affected seriousness, she could hardly hold from laughing, and not being willing to pursue a discourse, from which she saw she should not come of on her side with that haughtiness that what the *Count* told her merited, she rose, and without looking upon him, I have nothing else to say to you, said she to him, without it be that you make use of the advice I have given you, for you may very well judge, pursued she in going out of that *Arbour*, that I can no longer see you with modesty and without doing an injury to my Glory, if you still continue in the same Sentiments. Wherefore change them, added she, if you would have me live with you as I have hitherto done. You must then, Madam learn me how to hate you. For to hate me

me, No, replyed the Queen, but there is a Temperament between both that I could pardon in you. Ah! Madam, replyed this Lover, how difficult is that Temperament to keep with ſuch a Perſon as you. I believe, purſued he, that if it was poſſible not to Love you with that Exceſs that I Love you, I ſhould hate you more than ever any one was hated: The Queen fell a ſmiling and viewing him, I muſt then be extreamly hated in the World. For I aſſure my ſelf there are few People in the World that are bold enough to Love me as you ſay. If all the Earth knew you as well as I do, Madam, replyed immediately the *Count* with a Tone full of Ardour, all the Earth would adore you, or hate you, as the moſt dangerous Princeſs in the World, who after having forced Hearts to dye for Love of you, takes delight in making them dye of deſpair. The Queen looking upon him with a great deal of Complaiſance, cruelty ſaid ſhe is not my Vice, but I know what I owe my ſelf, and who go againſt that, added ſhe a little more ſeriouſly, may aſſure themſelves of not being very happy. They were then come to her

apartment, where the King being entred, the *Count* retired little ſatisfi'd with theſe laſt words, but likewiſe leſs unhappy than he could have hoped after ſuch a declaration.

The Counteſs, who had paſſed all that time in her Chamber, in examining in her mind, all the *Count*'s words and actions, found to the leaſt ſtroak in that Lover, that ſhe had been unluckily miſtaken, and that the Queens Charmes poſſeſſed him abſolutely. Cruel diſcoveries when they come ſo late; ſhe had no hopes but the Princeſſes kindneſs, who making perhaps ſome difficulty to Embark her ſelf in an engagement of Heart which would ruin her, would be in no pain to make her that Sacrifice. Wherefore ſhe reſolved without waiting any longer, to ſpeak to her of it, to open to her entirely her Heart, that ſhe might the more eaſily move her by her pains. She came to her at the ſame time the *Count* left her, and caſting her ſelf immediately upon her knees, with a Torrent of Tears, that ſhe ſhed, ſhe was ſome time without being able to expreſs a Word: At which the Queen much aſtoniſhed and concerned, asked her ſeveral times what it was ſo much

afflict-

afflicted her. Alas! what it is, Madam, anſwered ſhe with a profound ſigh. I am the moſt unhappy Creture under the Heavens: I ſee my Death cauſed by the Perſon of the World I Love the moſt. Yes my Queen, purſued ſhe, in recovering her ſelf a little, it is a ſecret I have hitherto concealed from you, but for which I am very cruelly puniſhed, not to have occaſion to draw ſtill upon me your reproaches. I have ſuffered my ſelf to be ſurprized by the Courtſhip of the *Count d' Aveline*, I took for my ſelf the ſighs I ſaw him make, and I fancied he ſpoak to me, when he only thought of you. Of me, interrupted the Queen. Yes, Madam, purſued the Counteſs, it is you that take him from me, and that which is moſt cruel to me is that it is you, whom I cannot hate, who are the cauſe of all my ills. The Queen, having asked her upon what ſhe founded theſe ſuſpicions, Alas! Would to God, anſwered ſhe lamentably, that I could doubt of it, but I am but too well convinced; my hopes, Madam, is now only in you, and if you allow the ſighs of that Lover, I have only Death to deliver me from all my pains. In finiſhing theſe

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last Words her Tears trickled down in greater abundance than ever: The Queen, who had the tendereſt Soul of the World, was ſo touched to ſee her in that ſtate, that ſhe wiſhed, in that moment, ſhe had never ſeen the *Count*, and was ſome time without being able to ſay any thing to her, being aſſailed by a Thouſand different motions, which were at length followed by ſome Tears, which ſhe could not hinder her ſelf from ſhedding, whether it was from the Effort ſhe made upon her ſelf, for the reſiſting the Sentiments of her Heart, or from the pitty ſhe had of thoſe of the Countes, I cannot, ſaid ſhe to her, hinder my being beloved, if I am beloved againſt my will; but all that can be done in that I will do it, and you ſhall be witneſs of it to Morrow. While that this Converſation paſſed in the Queens Cabinet, there was one much more extraordinary in *Count Hannibals* Chamber, *Don Geronimo*, who had learnt that that Ambaſſador had a long time ſought for him, would make uſe of that Pretexte to go know what he deſired of him, and to acquaint himſelf at the ſame time with his Sentiments upon the inclination of his Heart, for having

well

well examined him, he did not find, whether it was diſſimulation or a reall indifference, that he perfectly anſwered the eagerneſs of the Counteſs. And for the better acting his part he reſolved to feign he was in Love with the Queen, hoping that the *Count* would open himſelf yet the more freely to him: Inſomuch that being come to his apartment, ſeeing that the Ambaſſador did not ſpeak to him of any thing, and that he was poſſeſſed with a Melancholly, that rendred to him Converſation troubleſome and incommode; I perceive, my Lord, ſaid he to him, that I have ill taken my time, for the rendring you a Viſit; but being told that you ſought for me, I fancied I could not be diſpenſed from coming to ask you, what you deſired of a man who is entirely yours. The *Count* Civilly thanked him; and continuing in his ſad Humour, he anſwered him coldly, that it was nothing, and that he had been only told, that he obſerved his ſteps, of which he was willing to have known the reaſon; but that he no longer cared for it. He ſpoak to him with this indifference for the better undeceiving him. As you are here, my Lord,

Lord, independant of whom ſoever, and that you are not to give an account of your actions to any one, neither is there any one that would concern themſelves with examining them; but you cannot hinder that when one has Pretentions in a place, they fear to have a Concurrent made like you. Not that, added he, that I have hitherto had wherewith perfectly to Ground my judgments: You are ſeen to go in ſeveral places; you have aſſiduities for ſeveral perſons, and perhaps, if one could know the party your Heart takes, one ſhould be at eaſe and endeavour to ſerve you in it. The *Count* who knew he had to do with a Cunning Politician, was upon his Guard, but as he hazarded nothing in acting the Counteſſes Lover, and that it would be on the contrary a means for the entring into his confidence, if it was true as they would make him beleive, that he was in Love with the Queen, he confeſſed to him in a confiding way, that being to paſs ſome daies in the Court of *Majorca*, he had thought neceſſary for the divertiſement of a man of his Humour, to have an Amuſement of Heart, and that he had caſt his Eyes upon the

e Counteſs, but that, if he had the
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her entirely to him; not pretending to
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ace, where he was to ſtay ſo little a
me. *Don Geronimo* felt to the very bot-
m of his Heart the cruel grief of that
eclaration, and compoſing his Face the
ſt he could, he told him, with a joy he
as not a little troubled to feign, that he
amt with an extream pleaſure the Courſe
his Heart; that he ſhould have had
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e ſame Inclinations with him, but that,
ace their vows had different Objects,
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de render their amourous devoirs; that
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nd that he hoped the ſame favour from
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ng, that in the violence he uſed upon
imſelf, he could no longer maintain that
part. The *Count* had yielded to him with
too much Facility the intereſts he had in
the Counteſs, for to beleive it was in ear-
neſt: it is not ſo eaſie to lay by that paſſi-
on, provided one is really engaged in it,

and

and this generous proceedure of his Rival appeared to him too full of Art, for to be perſuaded that it was ſincere: Inſo much that he would return him the ſame Complement, and went from him with all the rage of a Lover Tranſported with jealouſies. The Queen, who had promiſed the Counteſs to contribute as much as ſhe could to her repoſe, no ſooner ſaw her ſelf rid of her, than that her Heart complaining that ſhe had ſo little conſulted it in the moſt important Affair of her Life, had like by many ſighs and regrets to have overturned all that pitty had exacted in the Counteſſes favour, for it is rarely we betray our ſelves, and leſs in Love than in any other thing: But Glory maintaining the firſt Party, ſeconded with a Thouſand reaſons of the Conſequences and the future, again balanced the Sentiments of her Soul, and ſo well confirmed her in her firſt deſign as the moſt becoming her, that ſhe did nothing all the reſt of the Day and all the Night than ſeek reaſons for the fortifying her ſelf againſt the weakneſs of her Heart. She was almoſt in this diſpoſition when the Counteſs, with whom ſhe had regulated the meaſures ſhe would take,

for the yielding to her entirely the *Count*, came to give her notice that that Lover was just a coming. The Queen made her hide her self in her Cabinet, and having given orders to a Page to bring in the Ambassador of *Naples* when he should come, she prepared her self for an engagement, in which the trembling which had took her, since her Lady of Honour had spoke to her of the *Count*, made her fear she should not come of with that ease as she had promised her self. *Hannibal* appeared with a Face sad and melancholly, and which still seemed sensible of the words, with which the Princess had left him the day before. She could not see him without being concerned; and as if she had forgot the cruel design she had against him, she asked him in a Charming manner, from whence proceeded the sadness she saw upon his Face. A Man, Madam, answered he, so unfortunate as I am, cannot bear a Gay look. But unfortunate, replyed the Queen, those are not to be pityed, who will be so: It is true, Madam, answered that Lover, that I should not be pityed to Love the most insensible Princess of the Earth, for it is a long time since I prepared

my self for it; But I am——added he sighing, and stopped there. Whereupon the Queen, who would not be more curious, than was necessary in that occasion, without pressing him to make an end, must you not confess, said she to him, that you have lost your reason in applying your self to an object, where not only you have no hopes; but where you are even forbid to pretend to any, and which is capable of ruining you with those, whom duty obliges you to consider more than all things. Ah! Madam, cryed the amourous *Count* softly, those are not my greatest misfortunes: And would to God, added he, something raising his voice, that at the expence of that reason, that you say, Madam, I have lost, I had only your insensibility to fear or the ruine of my Fortune. Believe me, *Count*, interrupted that Princess, whose Heart was touched with all he said, follow an advice that I will give you as a true Friend, lay by a passion as extravagant as useless, and turn your thoughts towards an Object, who shall be of a Rank and in Right of acknowledging them. The Countess of *Palomer*——at that Name *Hannibal*, retired

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two ſteps, and would have interrupted the Queen, but ſhe making a ſign to him to let her purſue, continued in this manner, ſhe is of one of the moſt illuſtrious Families of *Europe*, ſhe is a Lady who has Beauty and Wit to ſurpaſs all Women I have ever ſeen; and if I was a Man, none could pleaſe me ſo much as ſhe, ſee her, offer her that tenderneſs and Heart, of which ſhe can make a better uſe than I, and you will certainly be happy. I, Madam, anſwered the *Count*, who had heard very impatiently that cruel Propoſition to the end, could I ever Love any one after you, when I ſhould be capable of ceaſing to Love you. Ah! Madam, continued he ſighing, know me better, all the misfortunes of the Earth ſhould ſooner fall upon me than I would once think of it: It is however the only means, replyed the Queen, to live well with me. I begg it of you, and if that be not enough I Command you, as much as I can have power over you. I ſhall reckon for my ſelf the cares and the Paces you ſhall employ for her, and as much as your former ſighs may have given me pain, ſo much this little Sacrafice that you ſhall make to

my Glory, will give me joy. If I am not, Madam, replyed sadly the desolate *Count*, to merit your favour but by that: if I cannot, pursued he sighing, please you but by quitting you for another, I am to be the most unhappy of all men, and am going to draw upon my self your hatred for all the rest of my daies. For it is impossible for me to obey you therein; Or for me, *Count*, replyed immediately the Queen rising, to see you any more: think of it better, added she, for the vertue of a Princess as I am, would suffer by it too much, after the Liberty you have taken, Ah, Cruel Princess, cryed then the unfortunate *Hannibal* in a Transported manner, how can an Innocent Love as mine be contrary to your Glory, it having neither desires nor hopes, why add you to the Cruelty of not suffering that I Love you, the injustice of making me Love against my will, what I can never Love. The Queen not being willing to push any farther a Conversation which was as sensible for her, as it was Cruel for that Lover. It is enough, said she to him; defferences that one has for what one Loves, are the secret marks of a true Love, and I shall know yours

yours by the Obedience you ſhall ſhew me in what I deſire of you. Love does not deſtroy it ſelf, Madam, anſwered the *Count*, but I ſee what it is, and what you deſire of me. It is my Death: I ſhall not be put to much trouble to ſatisfy you therein. In finiſhing theſe words he quitted the Queen with ſo diſordered a look, that that Princeſs really fearing ſome terible effect from his deſpair, ſent a Page to recal him, and letting her ſelf fall languiſhing upon her Bed, near which ſhe was ſeated; Ah, Heavens! Cryed ſhe to what Combats do you deliver me, when the Counteſs coming out of the Cabinet where ſhe had been hid, caſt her ſelf upon her Knees with Eyes all filled with Tears: Too generous Princeſs, ſaid ſhe to her, how can I acknowledge ſo much goodneſs? You maintain the deſigns of a Creature, who merits rather your hatred than your favour: and for her ſake you bring into deſpair a man who adores you. She would have continued ſpeaking, but the Page the Queen had ſent after the *Count*, reentring, told her, that the Ambaſſador of *Naples* was coming back: Inſomuch that the Counteſs, who

would not have been willing he ſhould have ſeen her in the State ſhe was, returned immediately into the Cabinet, where being entred, the *Count* arrived, who ſaw it ſhut with much Precipitation. His ſurprize was great: for he had not believed there had been any one with the Queen; and his jealouſie, which, after the laſt Converſation he had had with *Don Geronimo*, was yet augmented by the Order or the Counſel, that that Princeſs had juſt given him, of ceaſing to Love her, for to give himſelf to the Counteſs of *Palomer*, increaſed more than ever, with ſeeing that Door ſhut, he believed it was ſome one who ought to be ſuſpected to him, and to whom the Queen had had a mind to Sacrifice him. That Princeſs who got up in ſeeing him enter, obſerving, that he had his Eyes towards that Cabinet, and that he conſidered it with the attention of a man, who ruminated ſomething in his mind, immediately fancied he had ſeen the Counteſs, and that he ſuſpected the Trick that had been played him. She would ſee, what he would ſay of it; But as he was ſtill in a profound penſiveneſs, you are ſurprized, ſaid ſhe to him

him ready to Laugh, though ſhe was but little diſpoſed to it, at the Ambuſcade that has been laid you. It is true: Madam, anſwered that Lover, that I ſhould never have imagined, that you would have had ſuch a Converſation as we have had for the favouring another: I know not, at leaſt, continued he, by what I have merited this deceipt. Do you call deceipt, (replyed the Queen ſtill Laughing, who really believed he meant the Counteſs,) an Innocent deſign one has of ſerving the Perſon one Loves. But the *Count* who at firſt caſt his ſuſpicions upon *Don Geronimo*, whom he fancied to be conceal'd in that Cabinet, was overcome with grief at that Confeſſion, after which he could no longer doubt of his misfortune, and changing Colour Two or Three times, before he could anſwer her; No, Madam, ſaid he to her, viewing her with Eyes fuller of vexation than Love, I ſhall give what name you pleaſe to the moſt cruel injury that can be done a man: but the Triumph was already great enough, without calling me back for the puſhing it farther; and take it not ill, Madam, if I no longer ſerve for a Victime to a man ſo

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little worthy of one of my kind. There upon making a Low Bow to the Queen, he went out of the Chamber with a Heart as full of rage, as it had before been seized with grief, leaving the Queen much in pain, to divine what man he meant, and what obliged him to retire in that manner, without ever being able to divine the true Subject. The Countess, who was come out of that Cabinet, and who had not failed to penetrate into the *Counts* jealousie, having been the first who inspired him with it, might have easily drawn the Queen from the perplexity she was in, but she would not reveal to her a secret, from which she hoped to draw some advantage. The greatest Friendship of Women is not proof against Treachery when it is Love that inspires it. It has alwaies more appearance than reality. It is not to be relyed upon, the least interest of Heart stifles it, or makes it serve its designs. The Queen after having entertained her self some time with the Countess, finding her Heart in need of a little solitude, took the pretexte, to rid her self of her, that she was not well, and that she desired to take some repose. These

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two fair Lovers had their pains and their cares, it is true, that the Queen was beloved, and that this point in Love is capable of solacing a great many ills, but Glory and Devoir which she had incessantly before her Eyes for the Combating an Inclination which forced her away, and besides all this the Cruelty of causing all the unhappiness of a man, whose Felicity she would have procured; to feign not to Love him; and not to be willing to be beloved, when that she really found that all her tenderness was for him, and that she was Charmed with his, and in fine to be condemned to persuade him by all manner of reasons to Love another, which perhaps would have made her desperate: all this, I say, made appear that the Destiny contrary to the repose of great Souls, had taken pleasure to produce Caprichious and opposite motions in the Heart of that Lovely Princess. The unfortunate Countess passed her time no more agreeably than she, if she felt not all those stinging pains which Devoir and Glory occasion, in opposing the passion of a Heart, she had likewise only her revenge to solace her in the rage of seeing her self contemned. She waited with

with great impatience all the reſt of the Day, to ſee the *Count* again, for the quite confounding him upon the Subject of *Don Geronimo*, but he appeared not at Court, and ſhe eaſily comprehended what was the occaſion of his retreat. She was no ſooner up the day after, than that ſhe ſent to tell him, that ſhe had ſomething of great importance to acquaint him with, and that if he would take the time that the King and Queen were at Dinner, he would find her in her Chamber. *Hannibal*, who ſince the Queen had propoſed to him to Love the Counteſs, had took an Averſion for that Lady, whom he conſidered, as one does a Mortal Enemy, would hardly have gone to the aſſignation ſhe made him, if in the deſpair he was, the Curioſity of knowing, if it was not ſomething from the Queen ſhe had to tell him, had not overcome that averſion. He went to her at the Hour appointed; but with a Face ſo ſad and changed, that it ſurprized the Counteſs. I take pitty, my Lord, ſaid ſhe to him, of the pains you ſuffer for my ſake, and which only put me into Confuſion. I know not, purſued ſhe, what the Queens deſign is, but ſhe might have ſpa-

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red her ſelf and you to ſo great a perplexety. If you were to Love me, it is not to her that I would have the Obligation of your Heart: it is an ill augure to receive that of a Man from the hand of a Woman. It muſt give it ſelf, my Lord, added ſhe, uſe not conſtraint upon your ſelf for that: I made known to the Queen Yeſterday, that I was not obliged to her for all theſe cares, as it is not to do me a kindneſs ſhe takes ſo much trouble, but for the Love of a man, who came to make a Triumph to me of the Sacrifice ſhe had made him of your paſſion; It is from *Don Geronimo*, at leaſt that I know all that I here tell you. He related to me to the very leaſt particulars of the Converſation you had with the Queen, which he heard in the Cabinet he was concealed. The *Count* found his grief terribly renewed at this recital; but that which gave him moſt pain was the Vanity of his Rival, who thus triumphed over his misfortune: Wherefore he could not hold from complaining, likewiſe ſeeing, that it would be uſeleſs any longer to conceal his paſſion to a Lady who knew too much of it, but it was ſtill without ever loſing the reſpect he owed

owed the Queen, complaining more of his Deſtiny than of the unjuſt Preference of that Princeſs, who deſpiſed him for ſuch a man as *Don Geronimo*. The Counteſs, who would have been glad he had puſhed his reſentment farther, forgot nothing that might heighten the injury that was done him, ſometimes excuſing the Queen upon the acknowledgment ſhe owed that Miniſter, for the ſervices ſhe had received from him, and which might have toucht her Heart. This laſt ſtroke made that ſad Lover quite deſperate who ſaw ſome reaſon in what was told him; but nothing however that could oblige him to rail againſt that Princeſs. There never eſcaped from him one word, which was not in all the ſubmiſſion of a Lover full of reſpect: On the contrary the more reaſon he had to complain of her, the more he made appear his tenderneſs, reſolving, notwithſtanding ſo much contempt and ſo many Cruelties, to Love her till Death. The Counteſs, in whoſe Heart all theſe Sentiments were ſo many ſtabs, ſuffering pains which only a Jealous and Paſſionate Woman can imagine, ſeeing that ſhe could not ſucceed on that ſide, I am, my Lord, ſaid

ſaid ſhe to him, as much intereſſed as you in the Queens Conduct; for ſhe may have ſome reaſon with you to treat you after the manner ſhe does, but with me, ſhe has none, I know the means, purſued ſhe, if you would beleive me, to get into her favour, if ſhe has the leaſt diſpoſition not to hate you, and for me to have my return on *Don Geronimo*, by whom I have been played upon. Do you make ſhew of loving me, and that you have followed the Councels that were given you. A Woman, added ſhe, may uſe contempt, but ſhe ſeldom ſees without vexation that an other does profit by it. It is the only touch ſtone for the Queens Heart, and I warrant you, that this fiction ſhall have laſted no longer than Eight daies, than that you will ſee her change her Opinion. To feign for Eight daies, replyed the *Count*, who liked the Councel well enough that the Counteſs gave him, it is a great deal of time, Madam, for a Lover, who is full of Ardour for that Charming Princeſs. He had hardly finiſhed ſpeaking, than that the Queen returning from dinner, paſſed through the Counteſſes Chamber, and was much ſurprized to find the

Count with her at that Hour. That Lover, who would begin to act the part he was adviſed to by the Counteſs, no ſooner ſaw her arrive, than that riſing, he retired, thinking himſelf much more ſtrong to feign, in flying an object that he adored, notwithſtanding all her cruel contempt, than in remaining in her preſence. The Queen ſtill more aſtoniſhed to ſee the *Count* go thus away, asked her Lady of Honour the reaſon of it, who declared ſhe knew nothing, but in ſuch a manner that it excited that Princeſſes Curioſity, who preſſed her to tell her the Subject of that prompt retreat, and upon what they diſcourſed. The Counteſs after having ſtill made ſome refuſal for the augmenting the Queens ſuſpicions, feigning to yield to ſo many Prayers, avouched to her that at length the deſpair ſhe had brought the *Count* to, had had the effect ſhe deſired, and that having ſought for her all the Morning to ſpeak to her in particular, he had ſaid to her ſuch things that he muſt be the moſt perfidious of all men, if they were not true. The Queen, who was not uſed be conſtrained, could not hinder from ſhowing the alteration in her Face, that,

that, what the Counteſs had told had cauſed in her Heart, and opening her Mouth with much pain, ſhe asked her what it was the Ambaſſador had ſaid to her. But the Counteſs pretending to diſcretion, begged ſhe would not preſs her in that, becauſe ſhe had promiſed ſecrecy. The Queen, who would not diſcover her trouble, quitted her to retire to her Chamber, where all the moſt cruel motions aſſailed her, and gave her no repoſe till ſhe had ſpoken in particular with the *Count*, but ſhe did not ſo quickly find the occaſion; for ſhe was not willing to ſpeak to him before the Counteſs, who being at length fallen ill through the agitations of her mind, and the violences ſhe was obliged to uſe upon her ſelf, the *Count* paſſed almoſt whole daies in her Chamber. The Queen came there ſometimes, but beſides her Rival's Eyes, whom ſhe begun to fear, there was likewiſe thoſe of *Don Geronimo*, who was from Morning to Evening in her Chamber, and whom ſhe feared as much as the Counteſs. Inſomuch that it was the rareſt Scene imaginable which dayly paſſed between thoſe Four Perſons, the *Count* affecting to entertain the Counteſs,

as in obedience to the Queens orders, and the Queen to discourse with *Don Geronimo*, for the amusing him, and making the others beleive that she was not concerned at their goood Intelligence. But all these parts, especially those of the Queen and the *Count* demanded too much violence, to last long: Insomuch that the Queen one day finding, that *Don Geronimo* was with the Countess, whom he endeavoured to entertain, and that the *Count* was at some distance, she came and sat near the place where he was, and viewing him with a tender air. What change is this, said she to him with a Tone of voice not to be understood by the Countess, there is in you since some daies, I can hardly imagine, it is the same *Count d' Aveline*, who spoke to me in the Garden. It is true, Madam, answered that Lover, wholly Charmed with this reproach, that the change is great, but it ought not to surprize you, since you ordered me it, Yes, replyed she, but confess you were not in much pain to obey me. The amourous *Hannibal* sighed, and felt his Heart so seized with joy and tenderness, to read in the Queens Eyes, as well as in her words that

that he was not indifferent to her, that he could hardly open his mouth, to make her understand that she was mistaken, and that far from having changed, he loved her more passionately than he had ever loved her. That Lovely Princess well judging that that was not a place for reconciliation, left of this discourse and turning towards *Don Geronimo*, she entred into that that Minister had with the Countess, not to give them matter of Suspicion. However after having been some time in that Chamber, the impatience she was in of entertaining the *Count* in particular, mastering all manner of consideration, she told him softly, that she had something to say to him, and that he should be within an Hour in the Garden; but that it might be in such a manner that the Countess might know nothing of it. After which she retired: That happy Lover wholly Charmed with this order, or rather at this Randevouze, could hardly hinder himself from showing his joy before a jealous Woman, who, in the uneasiness she was to know what the Queen had told him, examined him in all kinds. But in fine the amorous *Hannibal* weary of con-

ſtraint, and impatient to go to the Garden, ſeeing the Hour approach, took leave of her, and leaving her with *Don Geronimo*, ſeemed to fly to the place of aſſignation, ſo fearfull he was of coming too late. Thus was he at Liberty of giving a looſe to all his joy, he went from Alley to Alley, he walked, he ſtopt, he ran, he went in a Thouſand kind of Paces tranſported with the happineſs of that day. If any thing was capable of troubling him in his amorous diſorder, it was the reflections he ſometimes made on *Don Geronimo*, whom he fancied if not favoured, at leaſt very far advanced in the kindneſs of that Princeſs, who did, he thought, things for that Miniſter, that one does not for an indifferent Perſon, and for whom one has not a great engagement, he hoped to know ſuddainly the certainty. He had already took ſeveral turnes in the Garden, in thoſe occaſions time laſts furiouſly to a Lover, it was ſomething late, he inceſſantly turned his Eyes towards the Palace for to ſee if the Queen did not appear, and he began to doubt of his good fortune with a vexation that made him repay with great uſury the little joy he had had.

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When in fine he ſaw that lovely Princeſs come, who followed only by two of her Maids of Honour, ſhowed the earneſtneſs enough ſhe had to joyn him by the ſwift pace ſhe walked, ſhe immediately feigned to be ſurprirized with ſeeing him; How ſo late, my Lord, ſaid ſhe to him, and walking all alone in the Garden? You muſt needs be in Love to do this. The *Count*, who preſently comprehended the reaſon that made the Queen ſpeak thus, and that it was by reaſon of her Maids, made ſuch an anſwer as the Conjuncture demanded, and having given her his Hand to help her to walk, they began it together. The Queen no ſooner ſaw her ſelf at a diſtance great enough, not to be underſtood by her two Maids, who followed her, than with a ſmile perfectly Charming, I have made you waite a little, ſaid ſhe to the *Count*, but I could not come ſooner, having been obliged to ſee the King depart, who is gone to ly Three Leagues from hence upon a Hunting match that is to be made to Morrow. I had like to have broak my word with you, added ſhe, for it is very late, and I muſt retire in a moment. Have you only done me ſo great

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an Honour, Madam, answered *Hannibal*, to deprive me of it so soon. What I suffer, pursued he sighing, since Five or Six daies, cannot be sollaced by so short a happiness. You ought not to complain, replyed the Queen, you have passed those daies pleasantly enough, of which you speak; and if any thing has given you pain, it was without doubt my presence, which has sometimes troubled you in your softest moments. You, Madam, replyed the *Count*, can you disturb my daies in that manner? Can you beleive it, No, I have seen it, said the Queen, and the continual cares you take to fly me and shun my sight, have but too often confirmed me in what I say. You take pleasure, Madam, replyed the *Count*, to Laugh still at my troubles. For it is not possible that you have not penetrated into all this fiction; and that notwithstanding all my Artifice, my Eyes have not told you, that it was not without an extream violence that I forced my self from you, and that I deprived my self of seeing you. But how can you accomodate, replyed the Queen what you say, with the Protestations that you dayly made to the Countess?

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Is it ſtill a violence, or a habit of Cajolery, to act with all the paſſionate part? I, Madam, interrupted the *Count*, with an air the moſt ſurprized imaginable, at the Proteſtations of the Counteſs? Yes you: replyed the Queen. There is not a Day you do not ſpend your ſelf in cares and tenderneſs, for the expreſſing to her the greatneſs of your Love. Not that, purſued ſhe, in an indifferent manner, I find fault with it. You know, added ſhe, that I was the firſt that counſelled it you, but why to be ſo difficult? What reaſon have you to deſire to abuſe the Credulity of a Princeſs, who has ever had goodneſs and eſteem enough for you, for your being obliged, to put ſome more confidence in her: muſt you needs by ſo baſe a Treachery make her divine, what you take ſo much pains to conceal from her. *Don Geronimo* has told me enough of the Confeſſion you made him; and it is ſuch a Rival as he you ought to diſtruſt and not ſuch a Friend as I. And I do diſtruſt, Madam, that cruel Rival, interrupted lamentably the ſad *Hannibal*, who has made me but too well comprehend the height of his happineſs. But is it him, purſued

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he, that you ought to beleive, Madam, when he ſpeaks againſt me? and that he gives you to underſtand that I am in Love with the Counteſs, ought not he to be content with the ſacrifice that you made him of my paſſion, without adding falſe reaſons to render it juſt? Of the Sacrifice, replyed the Queen much aſtoniſhed, that I make him of your paſſion? Yes, Madam, purſued the jealous *Count*, his indiſcretion having moved him to go and Triumph to the Counteſs of the laſt converſation I had with you, that Lady has had the Cruel pitty.——He ſtopped there, ſurprized to ſee on a ſuddain the Counteſs appear before them, who came from behind a Hedge, which Compoſed the Alley they walked in. The Queen, as may be beleived, was in no leſs aſtoniſhment than he, not expecting to have ſo near her, the Perſon of the World ſhe ought moſt to fear, in ſuch a diſcourſe as ſhe had with the *Count*. The jealous Counteſs had obſerved in her Chamber certain raies of joy, in the Eyes of *Hannibal*, from the moment of the ſecret Converſation he had had with the Queen, which had made her not only conjecture, but

but all most divine that her Propheſie was truer than ſhe was willing it ſhould, and that the Queen went towards the *Count* when he made ſhew of flying her. Inſomuch that ſeeing them both go out with the countenance of People, whoſe mind was full of ſome deſign, and eſpecially the *Count*, who, what violence ſoever he uſed, had not been able to conceal the uneaſineſs he was in that Chamber; ſhe rid her ſelf as ſoon as ſhe could of *Don Geronimo*, and having ſent two Maids in whom ſhe confided, to obſerve the Queens ſteps, ſhe had no ſooner learnt that ſhe was gon into the Garden, accompanied only with two of her Maids of Honour, than that ſhe ſuſpected a Rendevouze, wherein all that her jealouſie had been able to invent for the diſuniting of thoſe Two Lovers was going to be deſtroyed. She called for her Cloathes, and notwithſtanding all the oppoſition of the Perſons about her, who were aſtoniſhed at her deſign, and who repreſented to her that ſhe was not in a Condition to riſe; and much leſs to go out of her Chamber, and to go take the Air, ſhe would go walk in the Garden, and took with her only one of her Cham-

ber Maids, who was of her Confidence. She had not had the patience to be quite dreſſed, and all in diſorder ſhe deſcended into the Garden with more haſte than the weakneſs of her Body could well permit her, but it was the mind which carryed her, or if you will her Love or jealouſie. She had no ſooner diſcovered where the Queen was, than that ſtealing from Alley to Alley, and ſtill concealing her ſelf with the Hedges between which ſhe walked, ſhe came towards that where they were, and juſt in the time that thoſe two Lovers were going to informe themſelves upon her Chapter. Which obliged her to ſhow her ſelf, notwithſtanding all the Curioſity ſhe had of liſtening to them. It is true, that ſhe came to them with ſo much trouble and Agitation of mind, that ſhe could hardly underſtand what they ſaid. But in fine the Word of Sacrifice, and that of Counteſs coming to her Ears, ſhe could no longer be Miſtreſs of her ſelf: and muſt needs go interupt them. She did at firſt all ſhe could to compoſe her ſelf, but the alteration there was in her Face, did but too much diſcover the occaſion of her coming in a place, where there

was

was ſo little reaſon to expect her: and ſeeing the ſurprize with which they look'd upon her, you find it without doubt ſtrange, Madam, ſaid ſhe to the Queen, to ſee me here; and I am aſſured you did not expect me, but wearied with lying in Bed, I fancied it would do me no hurt to go take the Air. But may be I am come inconveniently and am troubleſome to you: If it be ſo, Madam, I ſhall retire. You ſpake, anſwered the Queen, ſomething bluſhing, a Language very new both to your ſelf and me. You know, purſued ſhe, that I am very glad to ſee you wherever I am, and that you cannot incommode me, but it is true, that I am ſomething aſtoniſhed, that you have ſo little care of your health, and if there is any thing I blame in you, it is that. Nothing preſſed you to come out, but let us retire, for I confeſs you raiſe my pitty, and I fear you will really fall ſick. The Counteſs, after having thanked the Queen for the tender Sentiments ſhe ſeemed to have for her, ſet her ſelf to follow her, but with ſo much difficulty, that ſhe could hardly bear her ſelf up, inſomuch that that Charming Princeſs, who had a moſt

you very tenderly, your Soul must be full of Treachery that so much Contempt and Indifference can be without disguise. *The Count*, whose Heart was pierced with all these Words the *Queen* said to Him, though She spoke to Him in a manner, to make him know, that She was not fully perswaded of what She reproached Him, hardly knew with what Air to answer her; but sighing, What is it I beseech you, Madam, I have ever said to that Lady, that is contrary to the Sentiments I have alwaies made appear for you? Upon what have I entertained her, but of the tender passion, I have had more then Five Years for the most cruel Princess upon the Earth, and of which I must dye, for her satisfaction. If it is a Crime, pursued he to have made her this Confession, which never ought to come out of my Mouth, accuse the vanity, not to say the insolence of *Don Geronimo*, from whom she had already known all the Conversation I had had with you in your Chamber. What do you mean by *Don Geronimo*, interrupted the Queen? This is the Third time you have mentioned him, without my comprehending any thing of what you tell me.

Has

Has he ever had part, purſued ſhe, in our diſcourſes: and muſt you not be very extravagant, or the Counteſs very wicked, to make you beleive, that I could be capable of bringing him into ſuch a confidence, he who I ſhould fear in ſuch an occaſion more than all the Perſons of the World? But, Madam, interrupted the *Count*, why then was he hid in your Cabinet? Hid in my Cabinet, replyed the *Queen* ſtung with this Reproach, O, Heavens! and this is all the miſtery of this Sacrifice, and of that victime that I could not unriddle! and is it poſſible you could be perſuaded of ſo much baſeneſs on my part, you who ought to know me better than any Body. Go, If I did well, added ſhe, I ſhould leave you in your error; but I am too much concerned. The anger the Queen was thereupon in againſt the *Count*, having almoſt calmed all the diſtruſt of that Lover, he fell upon his Knees to ask her Pardon, when of a ſuddain there entred one of the Counteſſes Women, who came to beg the *Queen* on her part, that She would oblige the *Ambaſſador* to paſs one moment in her Chamber before he went out of the Palace. The *Queen*

compaſſionate and tender Soul, taking notice of it, would not augment the ills of that Poor Sick Lady, and bid the *Count* have pitty of that Lover, and that he ſhould give her his Hand, reſolving that for once at leaſt the paſſion ſhe had in her Heart ſhould not be the ſtrongeſt. The *Count* obeyed, but the Converſation he had with that Lady was not great; for ſhe could hardly ſpeak, overcome with emotion that her Soul as well as her Body ſuffered. She only held her Eyes fixed upon him, and it was the Language with which ſhe expreſſed to him all the violent motions, which then paſſed in her, and of which he was the only cauſe. They came in that manner to the Queens apartment, who, having been willing to accompany the Counteſs to her Chamber, left her, a moment after, at the Liberty to go to Bed, of which ſhe had great need. The *Count*, having given her his Hand to lead her back, was in an extream impatience of entering again into the Converſation they had begun in the Garden, and which he perceived was tending to a kind Reconciliation; But the Queen whether out of Malice or Prudence told him, that it was too

too late, and that he ſhould go give ſome Comfort to that deſolate Lady, and that they would at another time end their Quarrel. *Hannibal* undone with this anſwer, begged of her to give him at leaſt one Quarter of an Hours Audience more: but with an Air ſo paſſionate, that the Queen could not hold from laughing. You have then a mind, ſaid ſhe to him, to kill that Poor wretch, who at this Hour imagines a Thouſand things that ſting her. Go, purſu'd She, ſtill ſmiling, go put her Mind at reſt, for you owe this at leaſt to her Love. The *Count* looked upon the *Queen*, who he ſaw took delight in railling him upon his pain, and with an Air very indifferent; there are, *Madam*, anſwered he Her, other people about her who are more proper than I to render her thoſe Cares: But if her Diſeaſe had occaſion for mine, her recovery would be very dangerous. You are too cruel, replyed the *Queen*, and that does not become ſuch a man as you. But can it be poſſible, purſued She, that theſe are your true Sentements, and do you not ſtill abuſe me? For after the things you daily ſay to the *Counteſs*, who certainly loves

you very tenderly, your Soul muſt be full of Treachery that ſo much Contempt and Indifference can be without diſguiſe. The *Count*, whoſe Heart was pierced with all theſe Words the *Queen* ſaid to Him, though She ſpoke to Him in a manner, to make him know, that She was not fully perſwaded of what She reproached Him, hardly knew with what Air to anſwer her; but ſighing, What is it I beſeech you, Madam, I have ever ſaid to that Lady, that is contrary to the Sentiments I have alwaies made appear for you? Upon what have I entertained her, but of the tender paſſion, I have had more then Five Years for the moſt cruel Princeſs upon the Earth, and of which I muſt dye, for her ſatisfaction. If it is a Crime, purſued he to have made her this Confeſſion, which never ought to come out of my Mouth, accuſe the vanity, not to ſay the inſolence of *Don Geronimo*, from whom ſhe had already known all the Converſation I had had with you in your Chamber. What do you mean by *Don Geronimo*, interrupted the Queen? This is the Third time you have mentioned him, without my comprehending any thing of what you tell me.

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being in extream vexation that that Woman had found the *Count* in the posture she had seen him, would repair it by making him go that moment to the sick, that She might not become quite desperate: It was to send a man to Execution, by so much the more severe to the Amorous *Hannibal*, for that he saw himself in a fair way of reconciling His Affairs with the *Queen*. He must however obey, but after what manner so sadly and with so much pain, that he raised pity in that charming Princess, who gave him not so harsh an Order, without being the first that found it severe. The Countess was in great joy to see that Lover return; but that joy was dissipated by the measure She spake to Him, for his Answers were of a man so abstracted, that She perceived that His Mind as well as His Heart was elsewhere while that his Body was with Her. Nothing causes so much vexation as these kind of absences, especially in regard of Women. This *Lady* was high spirited, and would not make the *Count* observe that She perceived His contempt; but the Conversation became barren at length: She was weary with maintaining it

it all alone. The Ambaſſador made no other Anſwer than Yes, and No, and would even two or three times have took leave of Her, under pretext that He feared to incommode Her. At which She growing impatient in the end, and ſuffering Her vexation to evaporate in Reproaches, She mnde him ſeveral She had no reaſon to make him, She attributed to Him Crimes the *Count* had never committed againſt Her; and in fine, She threatned to ruine Him with the King, if He had not more Complaiſance for Her: Inſomuch that the *Count* knowing Her Spirit, and fearing this Point, by reaſon of the *Queen*, more than any thing that jealous Lady could have invented, very prudently reſolved to ſtay with her, and even to be more ſweet than He would have been, for the endeavouring to bring Her to Reaſon. The *Queen* according to the Cuſtom of Women who love well, was uneaſie, knowing Her Lover with her Rival, though She was well perſwaded, that She had the better part in his Heart, had reaſon to ſee Her Suſpicions augmented, ſince that Entertainment, which was to have laſted but a moment, was ſo long. She knew not in what

pain

pain poor *Hannibal* was; and her Judgment was such as another Womans would have been in her place; that is to say, that He found Himself well with the *Countess*, and that it was a Treachery She ought not to pardon Him, after he had pretended so to slight that Lady.

Amongst all these Disquiets and Reflexions, there was likewise Reasons of Modesty, that the *Count* was so late and so long in Her Apartment, contrary to the Custom of that Court, and the King's expres's Orders, who would not suffer there any man but Himself, from Sun-setting to Sun-rising; and however the Night was very much advanced, which might make Her Maids and other people talk, who served Her, and who might have believed that it was for Her sake, and not the Countesses, that that Ambassador staid there at that unseasonable Hour: or at least blame her for not putting her Lady of Honour in mind of her duty; But the means to do it, without making her jealousie appear to her Rival, who perhaps would have made a Triumph of it. She would rather have dyed than have given her the occasion. In that perplexity of Heart and mind

which

wch was great enough whether from without or within, she was told that the King was upon his return. This news did not at all surprize her. She was used to those kinds of Caprichio's, which often took that Prince. But that which cast her into a terrible uneasiness, was what would become of the *Count*: Who at the hour it was, could not go out but in passing by the Kings Attendants, who could not have failed to have known him which undoubtably exposed her to ruine by a Prince so jealous and passionate as he was. It was not a time for her to balance any longer, if she ought to go disturb an entertainment, which made Her more in paine than all the rest, She had a better pretexte for it than she could have desired. In what danger soever we are, the least ill we find on the side of Love is ever what we are most sensible of: she therefore went without noise to the *Countesse's* Chamber, beleiving to surprize them in a very passionate entertainment, and which would convince the *Count* of perfidiousness of which he could no longer defend himself, but she was agreeably deceived in Her opinion, when entring the Chamber, she found

found all in silence, with cold meenes on both sides, from which one could not guess a very great tenderness. One part of the jealous motions of that *Princess* were then appeased, though she had no great subject of joy, she could not hinder her self from appearing in good humour, and told them, almost laughing, what brought her thither. *Hanibal* and the Ladies could hardly perswade themselves it, but as the *Queen* fell to speake then a little more seriously and told them that there was no time to lose if they would save themselves from a misfortune which would ruine them all three together, they thought of finding some expedient for the hiding the *Count*, not seeing that it was possible to lett him out of the appartment that night, without his meeting with some of the *Kings* people and perhaps the *King* himself. As they were each for their own interests, the *Countess* fancied there was no place so sure as the shutting him in the Guard robe that was in her Chamber, and the *Queen* perceiving that if he were any where else that jealous one would be so uneasy as might bring them into trouble, or at least would imagine a thousand things to her

disad-

diſadvantage, agreed to it, and went out a moment after, for to ſend to ſee, where the *King* was, that if there was any opportunity of making the *Count* evade, the occaſion might not be loſt. That lover who was not content with the reſolution they had taken, of making him paſs the night in the *Counteſſes* Chamber, for whom he could not any longer but have an averſion, followed the *Queen*, and told her, that ſhe ſhould rather condemn him to die by a thouſand hallebards, or caſt himſelf headlong out of the window, than to oblige him to ſtay ſo long with a Woman, whoſe ſight alone was become more inſupportable to him than Death it ſelf. The *Queen* turning towards him, and from whence comes it, *Count* ſaid ſhe to him, as if ſhe had been ſurprized at this diſcourſe, you have ſo much averſion after ſo long a converſation and which ought not to produce only contrary effects; If there has been any diviſion, purſued ſhe ſmiling, you will have leaſure to reconcile this Night; for Quarrels between lovers laſt not long, and it is uſually what moſt unites them. I have no Quarrel with her, anſwered the *Count* couldly, no more then I have ever had

had union: But what pleasure do you take, pursued he in tormenting me with with that. You know whether my sighs go, aded he, in looking upon her amorously, you know to whom my vowes are addressed, why should you kill me by so cruel a way, for I declare to you, Madam, that if any thing has contributed to the aversion I have taken for that Lady, it is the unjust and disobliging War you have daily made me upon her account. The *Queen* fell a laughing, and the rest of the conversation would have been favourable enough for the *Count*, for this *Princess* was satisfied with him that evening, but she had notice brought her that the *King* was coming in: Insomuch that she had only time to tell that Lover, that he must return to the *Countess*, and to run to meet that *Prince* for the giving the *Count* leizure to retire. It was not possible for *Hanibal* to obey this order; the less since that the *Queen* did not cease to charge him upon the *Countesses* account, he believed to be in right of seeking all meanes not to give her any longer reason to do it. He therefore sought where he could hide himself in that chamber, and finding by chance that the *Queen* had left the

the Key in her Cabinet, he fancied that the Conjuncture was fair, that he ought to lay hold of it, and that he ſhould apparently be in more ſafety in that place than in any other part: Inſomuch that without making any noiſe, he ſlipt into it with the greateſt joy imaginable; and hearing the King already in the Chamber, he remain'd for ſome time planted in one and the ſame place, for fear, not knowing what was in the Cabinet, he ſhould have met with ſomething in the dark that might have made a noiſe and diſcovered him. The Dialogues there was between the K. and the Queen, and of which he loſt not one word, was for ſome time his Divertiſement, for the Courtſhip that Prince made uſe of for to Cokes his Dear Spouſe, was ſomething very pleaſant: but being at length wearied with ſtanding in one place, which demanded ſo much conſtraint, and where he had been already a long time, and no longer hearing any one ſpeake in the Chamber, he conjectured, that the King was already in Bed and was a ſleep, wherefore he would venture a little farther with deſign to open a Window that he might have a little light, if poſſible.

Whereupon he approached it, and as he fought for the Casement, he met with something colder and softer than the Walls, or the Tapistry. His Curiosity went farther. and in fine by much feeling, he found the figure of a Man. He neither lost time nor judgment, but taking his Ponyard in his Hand, he asked who it was, no answer was made him. He set his Weapon upon the mans Breast, and threatned him with Death, if he did not speak. The Complement was something harsh to a man who had no mind to dye such a violent Deaths; Wherefore it had the effect that he desired. For his Ponyard being set upon that Humane Body, caused immediately a lamentable voice, which said to him, Ah! my Lord, take pitty of a wretch. In the emotion the *Count* was, he could not well distinguish that voice. Insomuch that still pressing him to tell who he was, and what he came to do there. It is *Don Geronimo*, my Lord, answered he, Ah! Traytor, the jealous *Hannibal* interrupted him with more fury than ever, is this a place for thee, he was in that moment so transported with rage, that he was Two or Three

times

times upon the point of diſpatching a man ſo fatal to his repoſe, but in fine a certain return of tenderneſs, that he had ſtill for that unjuſt Princeſs, ſtopping his arm, not doubting but that an action of that Conſequence would abſolutely ruin her, he ſpared for the Love of her the Blood of that wretch, and in ſuch a weight of grief not being able to ſtay any longer in that fatal Cabinet, leaſt his fury might perhaps at length overcome, the regards he owed, to what he ſo much loved, he went out, and paſſing without any noiſe through the King's Chamber, where there was no light, he went to the Counteſs, who was much ſurprized to ſee him; becauſe that the Queen who had but juſt left her, had proteſted ſhe knew not what was become of him; and that he muſt abſolutely have been retired, without knowing however after what manner, not having ſeen him ſince the King was entred her Chamber. The *Count* who was as ſunk into deſpair, hardly hearing what that Lady ſaid to him, gave her no anſwer In the mean time, the Queen, in the uneaſineſs ſhe was for her Lover, havin g heard ſome noiſe in her Cabinet, roſe ſoft-

ly, while that her Husband repoſed in a profound ſleep, took her Night Gown, and would go ſee what it was, almoſt doubting the truth, that the *Count* had hid himſelf in that Cabinet. She advanced trembling towards the Door which ſhe found open, the *Count* not having given himſelf the trouble to ſhut it for his Rival. But when ſhe was to have gone in, her courage failed her: ſeveral reflections ſhe made all at once upon her ſelf, upon the time and the Hour it was, upon the Equipage ſhe was in in the dark, in a Cabinet where ſhe did not doubt but that her Lover was, but a Lover beloved, and againſt whom ſhe eaſily perceived that all her Glory could not reſiſt if he added violence; all theſe Reflections, I ſay, made her reſolve to return, rather than to expoſe that cruel Glory to ſo evident a danger: but ſhe was no ſooner near her Old Husband, who was in a deeper ſleep than ever, than that inſpired again with an amorous Curioſity, ſhe reproached her ſelf with her fearfulneſs, and arming her ſelf with new courage that her Heart ſuggeſted to her for the better deceiving her, ſhe went into that Cabinet without hearkening

hearkening any longer to any Reflection, she searched on all sides, and suffering her self to be led by a passion that blinded her, she came at length to the place where *Don Geronimo* was, who knew not what to do, and had already curs'd a Thousand times the moment, he began to be in Love. The Queen, who in the different passions which she was agitated with, could not fail of being much disturbed, having lost her Speech as soon as she found what she sought, was some time silent, leaning upon that Minister, as a Person ready to faint. After which recovering her former forces, Ah! my Lord, said she to him, sighing, to what do you expose me, you who know the Countesses Humour, and the King's jealous Spirit, what do you do here; have you a design to ruin me? *Don Geronimo*, to whom these words might be addressed as well as to the *Count*, not doubting but that the Queen had learnt from him, that he was in her Cabinet, fell upon his Knees to that Princess, and embracing her, Pardon, Madam, said he to her softly, a Lover in despair, whom jealousie has precipitated into this misfortune. The Queen had no sooner discovered by the voice

that it was not the *Count*, that already half dead for fear, ſhe fell into a ſwoon upon that Miniſter, who was not a little perplexed at this new misfortune. He knew not how to help that Princeſs, he ſaw that by the leaſt noiſe he ſhould make, his Life was gone, and in this perplexity he was bereft of all his Sences, and loſing courage, was likewiſe upon the point of falling into a ſwoon: When the Queen recovering her Spirits, who ſoever you are, ſaid ſhe to him, with a voice, that could hard ly expreſs one word, ſave the honour of a Princeſs, who does not deſerve to be expoſed to ſo much ſhame. *Don Geronimo* fancied, that the fear, ſhe was in, diſturbed her Mind, and to encourage hir he asked her if ſhe knew not her antient and faithfull ſervant. The *Queen* then diſcovered who it was and not knowing if it was by the *Kings* order that he had hid himſelf in that Cabinet, ſhe treated him more gently than ſhe would have done. This Miniſter not knowing the *Queens* thoughts, avowed to her, that the jealouſie, he had of the *Count*, had brought him into that Cabinet, and in the deſpair the Counteſs had put

put him in that day, he had not been Maſter of himſelf, for to conſult the reaſon, or the reſpect he owed her. But was it of my Cabinet, ſaid the *Queen* you ought to make a place of retreate for the clearing your ſuſpitions? No, Madam, anſwered he, but if it is a crime, I might plead for pardon, ſince I aſſure you, I have been enough puniſhed by the hazard my life has been in from the *Count's* hands, who held his Ponyard a long time upon my throat, and ſtill more by the extream grief I am in for having cauſed ſo much trouble to the beſt *Princeſs* upon the earth. The *Queen* thereupon interupting him, asked him how he came to be with the *Count*, and what reaſon that Lord had had to fall out with him to that point, being ſo much his friend. This Miniſter attributed the reaſon of it only to their Concurrence for the *Counteſs*, and then making the *Queen* ſome reproches upon the promiſes ſhe had made him of favou in his intereſts, which ſhe abandoned for the vowes of another, related to her all that had paſſed in that Cabinet. The *Queen* was enough ſatisfied that *Don Geronimo* had not penetrated farther into the *Count's* Deſigne: But ſhe eaſily

easily judged, that she should find it difficult to undeceive that Lover, that *Don Geronimo* came not there upon her account, having been allready more than once suspitious of it. She bid this Minister be perswaded, that it should not be her fault, that he was not successfull in his desires, and having recommended to him silence, in which he had as much or more interest than she, she added, that he must wait till it was day to go out of her Cabinet, and that she would come her self to fetch him away; After which she went into the *Countesses* Chamber, where she hoped to learn news of his Lover. That Lady no sooner saw her than that reaching her hand to her out of the Bed by way of Caress, fansying that it had been she who had sent him back to her; you come Madam, said she to her, the most conveniently possible to comfort the most desolate of all men, and from whom I have not been able to get one word, since he came here. The *Queen*, who had well foreseen the effect that the rencounter of *Don Geronimo* in her Cabinet would produce in the *Count's* mind, was so touched with the posture in which she found him,

sitting

ſitting in a Chaire, his Head leaning upon both his Hands, endevouring to hide his grief by riſing when ſhe entered, that, without conſidering who ſhe was, ſhe approached him, and with eyes allmoſt full of teares, I know, *Count*, ſaid ſhe to him ſoftly, not to be heard by the *Counteſs*, the ſubject of your diſcontent; but if you will hear me one moment, I am ſure to cure your mind of the unjuſt diſtruſt that has juſt ſurpriſed you. He! What can you tell me, Madam, interrupted that ſad Lover with a lamentable voice, but what will perfectly ruine me; It is too much for you, replied ſhe, ſomething ſtung at the manner he received the effects of her goodneſs, and if I had not forgot who I am, I ſhouldnot debaſe my ſelf ſo far, as to juſtifie my ſelf with a man to whom I owe nothing, and who will hardly hear my juſtifications. They would be uſeleſs Madam, replied he, after what I have ſeen. I ſpoke to the man, purſued he, and it is not without reaſon, Madam, that the *King* being to ly this night out of the Pallace you would engage me to paſs it in this Chamber. The Reproach, that the fury and vexation of the jealous *Hanibal* had made her, ſo

peirced

peirced the *Queen*'s heart, that on a sudain overcome with a torrent of teares, she had not the power to make him an answer, and fearing above all things, that her Rival should discover her weakness, she retired and went to Bed in a condition the most cruel and afflicting that a *Princess* who has an extreame deal of Glory, and Heart preingaged by a great passion, could be reduced to. The *Countess*, who what care soever she had given her self for to hear, what those two Lovers said, could never comprehend any thing of it, which might give her the least knowledg of what passed, and of the subject of the new Division that she well perceived there was between them, had more impatience and curiosity then ever, to enter into the *Count's* confidence: But notwithstanding all she could do, that lover was obstinate not to acquaint her with any thing of his affairs, and only told her, that before four and twenty hours where passed, she might divine the better part in learning the news of his depart. Of your Depart, my Lord, replied the *Countess* more surprised then ever; and why, what has been done that obliges you to quit us so soon?

is

is the *Queen* the cauſe of it! is it me? Speake, for there is not any thing, but what I would do to hinder it if it depend on me. No Madam, anſwered the *Count*; but I have already told you, that I ſhall not explain my ſelf further therein; you will know enough in time, and whatſoever is the cauſe, it ſuffices that I tell you, that I have a very great reaſon for what I do, and that from the moment I can get from hence, I will go give order for my embarking. The *Counteſs* pierced to the very bottom of her Soul with hearing this news, as well as ſhe had joy at the miſunderſtanding there was between the *Queen* and him, did all that ſhe could to make him change his reſolution; and told him in reſpect of her ſelf, the moſt moving things imaginable, that ſhe might take advantage of their diſunion: but that is not allwaies the beſt time, for the gaininga Heart, which is ſometim s themore ſtrongly bound, when it is believed to be diſengaged by ſome prevention. The *Count* hardly hearkned to what ſhe ſaid, and his Soul more diſpoſed to motions of deſpair, than to ſentiments of tenderneſs, did not ſhow that fair Lover one ray of tenderneſs, nor even a ſpark of complaiſance, he

he was in an extreame impatience till day came; And he no sooner saw the moment he could retire without danger, than that he took his leave of the Lady, leaving her a little satisfied with him as one could be, and enough for the putting an end to a passion, if these contempts did not sometimes rather augment Love than diminish it.

The *Queen* who had passed one of those terrible nights, that Love takes delight in poysoning with all that is most cruel and bitter, no sooner saw the *King* go out, but she arose to go put *Don Geronimo* out of her Cabinet. This Minister, who had been as uneasy in this place as she in her Bed, fell again upon his knees as soon as he saw her, and with a pityfull look, and Heart truly contrite, he asked hir pardon for all the troubles he had given her. The Queen having made him rise, told him, that all this was nothing in comparison of the grief she had, that the *Count* had found him thus by night in her Cabinet; and that if he would repair the fault he had commited, and render himself worthy of her pardon, he must go find him out, and relate to him the true occasion of his being in that place, and endeavour to undeceive him of certain impre-

impreſſion, that he might have taken there-upon, it being important for her glory that that Ambaſſador had better Sentiments of her, than ſo unlucky an accident might give him: *Don Geronimo*, who, in another occaſion, would hardly have been perſwaded to take upon him ſuch a meſſage, humbly ſubmitted himſelf to this Order, too happy to be quit with this ſatisfaction, which he owed to the goodneſs alone of a *Princeſs*, whoſe reputation he had ſo much hazarded, and whom he had brought into a condition of having all the reaſon imaginable to complain of, and to ruine him, as ſhe might have done if ſhe had a mind; at leaſt according to his opinion; but Affairs went quite otherwiſe than he believed, wherefore he promiſed to the Queen to execute faithfully what ſhe commanded him, and having quitted her with great acknowledgment for her goodneſs, he went directly from thence to the Ambaſſadors Palace, where he found that all diligence poſſible was made for his depart; and that the *Count* having paſſed the night very ill, would not ſee any body that day, at leaſt till it was very late.

The Queen ſtayed in her Cabinet, loaded with thoughts upon which ſhe formed a thouſand deſignes, that the reſolutions ſhe made, upon the ſtate of her heart, inſpired her, when ſhe ſaw one of the *Count's* Pages enter her Chamber, who delivered her a Letter from his Maſter; ſhe opened it trembling, and the impatience ſhe had at firſt to Read it, not permitting her to think of any thing elſe, the King, who was ever liſtning and ſpying her actions, entered the chamber at that time, and ſlipping ſoftly into the Cabinet, came upon her, before ſhe hardly, with the earneſtneſs ſhe read that Letter, perceived him, and ſnatched it out of her hands, without her being able to hinder it. The grief as well as ſurprize of that *Princeſs* were ſuch as may be eaſily imagined. She ran after the King, begging him in the moſt earneſt and moving manner poſſible to reſtore her Letter, employing even tears; but the more preſſing ſhe was, the ſuſpicions of that jealous Prince the more augmented: inſomuch that to be freed from the Queens importunity, he retired to his own apartment, where he might read that Letter with a little more liberty. I

leave

leave you to think in what a terrible perplexity the poor Queen was, that a Letter of the greatest and most dangerous concern in the world was fallen into his hands, whom she had most reason to fear; of a King jealous and passionate, and that in fine there was no means of having it again. She knew not what to do in so cruel a conjuncture, and her mind floating between fear and danger, love and shame, she meditated an infinite number of designes, without having the Courage to undertake any: she went in fine to the *Countess* to ask her councill, she had formerly found it successful; but it was now no longer the time. She first related to her, what had passed that night in her Cabinet between the *Count* and *Don Geronimo*, and afterwards the misfortune that had happened to her upon the Letter, the *Count* had wrote to her upon that adventure. The dissembling Countess overjoyed at so unlucky an accident, and that things were so disordered, affected the shewing the Queen an extreame regret for that accident, but instead of comforting her, she only told her things to make her the more despair, making her fear the

terrible consequences of that Letter; and that if she did not take refuge with the sooneſt in some Convent, she would find the fatal consequences it would be of to her. The sad desolate Princess suffering her self to be perswaded to follow that advice, as it really was the safeſt, tho the Countess gave her that council to be rid of her, to have the more liberty of taking, according to what should happen, such measures, as her Love, or rather her despair should advise her: The Queen say resolved to go cast her self into a Convent, for avoiding the Kings fury, quitted the Countess and prepared her self to execute with the sooneſt her designe. During this, *Don Geronimo*, who had not been able to procure to speak with the Ambassador of *Naples*, returning to his House found people, who told him, that the King had caused him to be sought for every where. Is it not, said he immediately to himself, that he knows that I have passed the night in the Queens Cabinet? Every man, whose conscience is ulcerated with any crime of which he cannot justifie himself, is ever in fear of being accused of it. He took courage however and went

to that Prince, who was alone in a by-chamber, walking apace and with a paper in his hand. Well, said he to him so soon as he saw him, is it thus, Traytor, that thou takest care of my honour! are these, pursued he with a thundring voice in showing him that paper or Letter, the Orders that I gave you, when I recomended her to thy care! by Heavens, thou shalt smart for it. This poor Minister, as soon as he heard the King speak with this fury, did not doubt, but that the Queen had told him all, and casting himself immediately upon his knees, and with a lamentable voice, Ah Sir, said he to him, Heaven is my Witness, that I never in my life had any desire that was contrary to your glory, and that it would be very easy to make appear my innocenee if moderating your anger a little you would be graciously pleased to give me one moment of audience. And what canst thou say, interrupted the furious Monarch, to justifie what I have here? Is it not to be criminal, to favour the bold and infamous designs that the Ambassador of *Naples* has upon the Queen? I, Sir, favour so criminal designs, replied *Don Geronimo*, who begun to be a little bold. Yes! thou, replied that

Prince, how can I interpret otherwise the Stories thou daily toldst me, that he lived very respectfully with the Queen, while they have secreet practices together? Can any other serve that Ambassador in this? and is it not visible thou art of intelligence with them to deceive me? All that you tell me, Sir, replyed the Minister, surprizes me, and I know not, if I should tell you that in regard of that Ambasador you may be mistaken. Ah perfidious man! cryed the King transported with rage, thou wouldest continue to abuse me! thou hadst best deny it: I have herewith to confound thee: See the insolent testimony of that infamous man, which but too well declares my dishonour, and afterwards tell me if my suspicions are just, and if I have reason to accuse thee; thou must, pursued he, explain to me all the mystery of that letter, or thou dyest. *Don Geronimo* took it trembling not doubting by what he heard the King say, that there was something in it which concerned him, and found these words.

'I ought to believe, Madam, that after the fatall incounter of last night, you will not 'be surpized at my depart. How cruel so

'ever

'ever the thing was, I do not complain of 'you. It is of my destiny and of Heaven 'that I will complain, for having made me 'cast my eyes, to the unhappiness of my 'days, upon a Princess it destinied for the 'love of another. A Preference so much 'the more cruel that the subject is low, 'and unworthy of being preferred to the 'least of all men. This thought alone assassi-'nates me; and I should willingly at the 'price of a thousand lives be still in the 'error I was, and never to have entred that 'Cabinet, where I saw, what I never could 'have beleived. O Heaven! Can I 'yet think it, after having seen it? Farewel 'too unjust Princess. I quit you without 'regret, but it is to go pass the rest of my 'Life, as a man fuller of despair than Love.

Le C. d' A.

D. Geronimo, who had thitherto beleived, that that Ambassador was really in Love with the Countess of *Palomer*, was very much surprized with reading that letter; and haven taken courage, by his not being named in it, though he perceived, that it was of him the *Count* was jealous, he protested to the King, that he had never had the thought that

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the Ambaſſador of *Naples* had the leaſt deſign upon the Queen, and that on the contrary he had alwaies beleived him in Love with the Counteſs of *Palomer*: in ſequel of which there had been ſome jealouſie between them upon that account, and alſo for a Proof that their Intelligence was not great, it was above Eight Daies ſince he had ſpoke to him. That if he durſt take the Liberty to tell him, what he thought of that Letter, he beleived, notwithſtanding the Title of Princeſs, it was addreſſed to the Counteſs rather than to the Queen. The King little ſatisfied with all theſe reaſons, would however read over that Letter again, for to ſee if there was any appearance of what his Miniſter told him, whom he had thitherto found very faithfull. But the particularity of that Cabinet too much referred to the Queen to attribute it to any other. That which moſt confounded the King, was this favoured Gallant, of whom the *Count* complained, not knowing upon whom to caſt his Eyes, there being no other than *Don Geronimo* of all thoſe of his Court to whom it was permitted to enter the Queens apartment: and there was ſo little

appearance

appearance of casting his conjectures upon such a man as he, that, how susceptible soever he was of jealousie, it could not fall into his mind. He would however be cleared of the truth, and force the Queen to confess all things to him; and afterwards take such measures, as the resentment of such an injury should inspire him, and that the Guilty might repent their insolence. He went with this design to that Princesses Chamber, causing *Don Geronimo* to follow him, and would not suffer him to quit him, till he had unfolded all this intrigue. He found her not there: and thereupon went to the Countesses, where he knew the Queen was most commonly, but found no Body there. He asked in a furious manner, what was become of the Queen. But could learn no news of her, he feared some other Treason: and was in a greater despair than ever. He threatned all those he met, he sent them to seek every where the Queen or the Countess, and nothing was heard but rumour through all the Palace. He learnt in fine, that the former was descended into the Garden, and that the other was gone out of the Palace in mans Cloaths. All this

this confounded him and increased his fear and uneasiness. He ran towards what most concerned him; which was the way the Queen had gone, and he was seen like a lost man, who comes, who turns from one side to the other of the Garden, without being able to meet the Queen. All his People were frighted, he was so himself more than any one: and putting all the World in pain, he suffered the most cruel tortures that can be imagined. Notice was brought him that the Ambassador of *Naples* prepared to depart, and he fancied to discover in that moment what so suddain and so secret a departure threatned him with. He gave orders to go stop that Ambassador, not doubting but that his design was to carry away the Queen. He was told, that he was no longer at his Palace, and that he was mounted on Horseback to go away with all those of his Train. Thus, that Old *Monarch* falling into Exclamations that he was betrayed on all sides, and commanding his Guard to take Horse, and that all his faithfull Subjects should follow them, in a Conjuncture where not only his Glory was concerned, but his Crown and his Life, if he prevented

not

not the outrage, that was designed him.

The Queen, after having taken Counsel of the Countess, resolved to retire into a Convent: and without losing time, she wrote this Note to the *Count* to demand his Comapny to Guard her, imagining she might have need of it, in the few moments that were left her to get thither.

'The Letter you wrote is something so 'cruel, that it would require more time 'than I have to make it an answer. It is 'sufficient, that I tell you, that I know, 'who I am, and of what Blood I come, not 'to be capable of any such crime you ac'cuse me of. I should not be in pain to 'justifie my self; and I should have much 'more to pardon you so cruel a suspicion: 'but this is not a time for my justification, 'nor your punishment. Know only, that 'the King has taken your Letter from me, 'and that I am necessitated to take Refuge 'in a Convent, if I will avoid all that his 'fury is going to make him act upon me. 'Send me as soon as possible some of your 'People to conduct me to *Majorca*. I shall 'come out at the Garden back Door, 'where I shall be in a moment. Adieu! If 'possible, let me see you once more.

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As for the Counteſs, ſhe was no ſooner delivered from the Queen, than in the Conjuncture of all this diſorder, her Love inſpiring her with Romantick deſigns, ſhe ſent to ſeek for her Gentleman of the Horſe, in whom ſhe put great confidence, and having related to him in few words what paſſed, ſhe added, that ſhe would not be alone expoſed to the King's fury, from which ſhe did not at all doubt, that ſhe ſhould ſuffer the moſt violent effects, if the Queen went away, and ſhe ſtaid in the Palace. Inſomuch that it was requiſite notwithſtanding all her illneſs, that her Body ſhould take forces from the neceſſity of the time, and that ſhe diſpoſed to ſave her ſelf as ſoon as poſſible. This Gentleman of the Horſe, very complaiſant to the wills of his Miſtreſs, having anſwered her, that he was ready to obey her, in all ſhe ſhould pleaſe to order him, ſhe cauſed a Gentleman's habit to be brought, which ſhe had made uſe of in a Maſquarade, and with which ſhe diſguiſed her ſelf. After which having cauſed two good Horſes to be brought ſome paces from the Palace, ſhe took what Money and Jewels ſhe had, very neceſſary moveables

bles for the design she meditated, and departed from *Belver*, accompanied only by that Gentleman of the Horse, who was surprized, having seen her sick in Bed, that on a sudden she found her self capable of sitting on Horse-back, so much power has Love upon Bodies, when it animates the Heart.

The *Count*, who, as we have already said, had prepared for his depart, are since the Morning he came from the Palace: his orders being but to stay at *Majorca* as long as he should judge necessary for the reconciling the King and Queen, no sooner received that Princesses Letter, than that making all his People take Horse, he made them file off by little and little, towards that side of the Garden she had mentioned. Immediately his affliction was extream, notwithstanding all the reasons he beleived he had to complain of her, for having thus caused the unhappiness of a Princess, he still loved too passionately, with all the injustice she had done him, not to interest himself, in all that concerned her. He went then to the place where the Queen expected him, being at the Head of all his People, and he

no sooner saw her, than on a sudden Galloping, towards that side, he alighted, and presenting her with his own Horse, he served for her master of the Horse, and one of his Gentlemen rendred the same Office to one of her Bed Chamber, who accompanied her. After which he disposed his People in Three Troups, and placing himself with the Queen at the Head of that of the middle, they marched incessantly towards the City of *Majorca*. These two Lovers were some time in entertaning themselves upon the Subject of the conjuncture. The Queen, who notwithstanding the unhappy Estate of her Affairs, thought her self too happy to have got out of the Palace, could not hold from showing an extream joy to see her self in the midst of so brave a Nobility, in whose looks she saw a boldness, capable of driving away all manner of fear: especially of *Count Hannibal*, who appeared to her handsommer that Day than he had ever been, and to have so warlike a meen, that he animated all the others. Insomuch that she almost forgot, that this was a beginning of a Thousand troubles that Fortune prepared her. They looked upon

upon one another some time without saying any thing, each of them beleiving that it was for the other to begin the discourse, and to make some sort of reparation: But the Queen, was too much concerned to undeceive the *Count*, of the false impressions he had taken upon the Subject of *Don Geronimo*, seeing that there was not a moment to lose, at length broak silence. Well! *Count*, said she to him, will you not ask Pardon for the Letter you wrote me this Morning? It is true, Madam, answered the *Count*, that I am the most unhappy of all men, to be the cause of all this disorder: and that if I could repaire it by my Death, I would go immediately, offer my Head to the King of *Majorca*. That is not in what you are most criminal, replyed the Queen, and I should not be in much pain to Pardon you this fault, though it cost me my Life. But, my Lord, added she blushing, your unjust suspicions, are so unbecoming a Princess of my courage, and whose Glory has been able to resist the Inclination she had for you, are these crimes that can be Pardoned? The *Count* hearkened to the Queen with a

joy that transported him, and casting a languishing look upon her. I confess, Madam, replyed he, that there is no torment but what I should merit, if my suspicions were ill grounded, but I have but too much wherewith to justify my distrusts, and maintain the reasons I had to conceive them, by Testimonies that you cannot your self disavow. And what Reasons and what Testimonies, replyed the Queen, something displeased at this answer, have you? What to have found *Don Geronimo* in my Cabinet, where the jealousie, he had of you upon the Countesses account, hade made him hide himself, am I Guilty of all the extravagancies that it has pleased your fancy to Figure to it self thereupon? Well, *Count*, added she sighing, if this Minister had pleased me enough for that, if I had loved him, I would have took such order as you should never have perceived it. I would not have flattered your Passion with any hopes as I have done: I should not have sought to see you in particular, and in fine the Passion that you might have had for the Countess, could not have been so uneasie to me as it was. Once more,

Count,

Count, purſued ſhe, you are very much miſtaken, and you little deſerve all the efforts my Heart has made for the Love of you. Theſe Reflections ſoftning her Heart, her Eyes were filled with Tears, and ſhe was not able to purſue her diſcourſe. The words of that fair Princeſs having almoſt diſſipated the fears of that Lover, he could not ſee this effect of ſenſibility without a confuſed tranſport of joy and repentance, and viewing her with Eyes, which ſignified all this, ſhould it be poſſible, Madam, ſaid he to her, that with ſo much reaſon of loving you, I ſhould have none to complain of you. Ah, Heavens! purſued he, why ſhould I be ſo happy in the moment I muſt quit you. He had hardly finiſhed thoſe laſt words, than that the Gentlemen of his Troop made him obſerve, that there came down a Body of Horſe from *Belver*, and that thoſe of their arrier Guard had already made a halt, to expect them. The *Count* having caſt his Eyes towards the place that was ſhowed him, did not doubt but that it was the Cavalry that the King ſent after them, for to ſtop them: Inſomuch that fearing, that thoſe that were behind, were not

ſtrong enough to reſiſt them, he detached part of his Troop to go Second them, and ſent orders at the ſame time to thoſe of the Vaunt-guard to Face about, and to go joyn them alſo, while that he, with the few People he had, would accompany the Queen, to the place of her retreat: Inſo much that going a little Gallop, they purſued their way as far as *Majorca*, of which they had then made more than the half. That Princeſs was ſo ſatisfied with ſeeing that ſhe was at length juſtified with the *Count*, and that ſhe had diſſipated all his falſe Ombrages, that ſhe was almoſt inſenſible to all the reſt, and all that ſhe feared was the moment ſhe muſt part from him, and which that Lover made the more ſenſible to her, by his ſaying to her, during all the reſt of the way, the moſt paſſionate things imaginable, for the repairing the crime he had committed againſt her, in ſuſpecting her with ſo little reaſon of ſo much baſeneſs. He would have perſuaded her to have gone aboard his Galleys, rather than to expect the danger with which ſhe was threatned, and he told her all manner of things that could make her take this courſe. But the

Queen

Queen seeing to what such a flight would expose her Glory, and that she could not repair it but in following her first design, begged of him not to triumph over her weakness, and rather help her to bear so cruel a Separation, than to engage her in the taking a conduct so contrary to her Reputation. The kind things that they said to one another thereupon till that they arrived in the Convent, where the Queen designed to shut her self up, which was a Royal-Abbey, Three Hundred Paces from the City, were sensibilities that tender Lovers may easily imagine, but which can never be well described. That fair Princess had prayed the *Count*, that as soon as they were arrived in that Abbey, he would quit her, without saying to her any thing, and that he would take care to embark with the soonest, not to expose himself to the violences that the King might commit. But that Lover could neither obey the one nor the other: and he no sooner saw the Queen upon entring her retreat, than falling upon his Knees, his Eyes all bathed in Tears, he embraced hers with so much transport, that that tender Princess, using upon her self an extream violence for the overcoming the sensible motions of so cruel a farewell, fainted in the Arms of Two Religious, who carryed her into the Convent, leaving that poor Lover so lost in greif, that he was sometime as not himself, without being able to part from that place. Nothing but sobs and sighs, which moved all those who heard them, But in fine, the People he had about him, seeing there was no time to loose for the securing those they had left behind them, put him in mind, that they might have need of his presence. Insomuch

much that a little recovering from ſo ſad a ſ
he took Horſe, and went with a great deal of
from his dear Princeſs, turning inceſſantly
Head that way, not being able to go the rate
People went, without as it were racking
Heart. He arrived at length at the place w
he had left all that Nobility, that had attended
in his engagement, and he found them almoſt
preſſed by the Number rather than the valo
the Enemies. The King was at their Head,
cauſed Troops to come inceſſantly to ſecond
former. The Count's was but few in compari
the others, but all warlike men, and who brea
in numbere nothing but Glory; They were a
ted anew by the *C.* ſight, who falling upon the
jorquins with a boldneſs that it ſeemed as if he
a powerfull Army with him, he repulſed them
withſtending their Number as far back as u
the Canon of *Belver*, and could have made the
Priſoner, if the taking him could have been of
uſe to his victory: but the Q. being in a place of
ty, and having nothing more to do, than to re
to his Galleys, he would not puſh his valour f
ther: he rallied ſuch of his people as were a li
ſtrayed in that purſuite, and retired in ſo good
der and ſo aſſured a countenance, that the *Ma*
quins never had the courage to purſue him: Ju
much that having gained the *Port de Portopi*, wh
is half a League from *Majorca*, to which place
had in the Morning ordered his Galleys to co
he cauſed all his People to go on board, and falli
to Rowing, in a little time they got out of ſight
thoſe Inſularies.

FINIS.